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European Society Contrasted with Ours

BY HENRY WATTERSON

I

THE CONTINENTAL BRAND

It is so easy to write about society. They who know least of it commonly write most. Yet is it with the high, as with the low, a tangled web, good and ill together. The ennui of the rich, the dolor of the poor: one can hardly say which makes the greater tragedies.



SOCIETY" is not only a convertible term, but a speculative problem. Even as applied to groups of people having no tangible organization and discipline, yet herding together and exercising a certain jurisdiction, it is variable and means much or little, according to the point of view. Society in Vienna and Berlin is not as society in Paris—nor yet as society in London—whilst society in New York is second-hand and imitative, the reflection of what it imagines society to be in the European capitals.



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, WHO WILL SUCCEED HER MOTHER-IN-LAW, MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR, AS THE GENERALLY RECOGNIZED LEADER OF NEW YORK SOCIETY

But in Vienna and Berlin and London, society—that is to say, a limited body of persons intrenched in certain claims to superiority by caste distinction and supported in their pretension by inherited fortune, great or small, as the case may be—is subdivided into cliques and coteries, and intersected by cross-currents of one sort and another. These cross-currents are sometimes bridged, and sometimes they are not, the outsider having often to swim for it.

Hence, there is room for adventurers, which the adventurous are not slow to improve, and, as a consequence, European society is more picturesque, its happenings more dramatic, than society in America, where it is only spectacular when it is seen at all, the best of it being invisible.

Everywhere environment is everything. From environment spring not merely conditions, but characteristics. It is a truism to say that in the nature of the case society must be a close corporation, though never a blind pool, its doors half open in London, a little ajar in Berlin and quite closed in Vienna to the approach of the stranger. Scandal, which respects not the obscurity of the village beauty, dearly loves a noble lady, and yet it required the tragedy of the crown-prince to throw a momentary flash-light upon the most self-indulgent, albeit the most exclusive, society in Christendom. The Crown-Princess of Saxony made a good second to the Crown-Prince of Austria.



MRS. J. LAURENS VAN ALEN, PROMINENT IN NEW YORK SOCIETY

The Fatherland has been much favored in this regard. The gentleman in the black velvet jerkin and red breeches, the mustachios and peacock-feather, has not mounted a German throne since Ludwig and Lola Montez. The Hohenzollerns have been luckier, if not more circum-spect, than the Hapsburgs. In Berlin the devil has had more to do with titled gamblers, male and female, than with titled harlots, male and female. Nevertheless, it may be set down for a fact, inevitable

to the pride, pomp and circumstance of a heraldry a thousand years old, that those who live above the law, setting themselves a law unto themselves, obey no laws except those of nature and the surgeon's knife, quite given over to the pleasures which money will buy and isolation will in some sort protect. Thus the many left-hand marriages, as they are called. Thus the extraordinary beauty and refinement sometimes found in the lowly-born. Morally, of course, there is no difference in adultery between the rich and the poor; they are equally sinful; and yet it is undeniable, and a grievous discredit to our pretensions of morality, that we make a distinction between the liaison of a nobleman and a work-girl, and the love-affair of a crowned head and an actress.

Paris is not to be considered in this category. Socially, as in all else, Paris is the merest bauble-shop. The persons who rattle round in a few old titles, most of

them doubtful and all of them threadbare, are of small account. The holocaust in the Rue Goujon told its own story. Half a dozen international scandals the last two or three seasons would complete the lesson of waning manhood if they could be told.

carrying the noblest names are the great-grandsons and great-granddaughters of the valets and maids, the 'oslers and scullions, who, coming into possession of the family papers, the documentary survivals of the houses they served, exterminated by the



COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE

There can be no genuine aristocracy where titles are bought and sold; none where there is a lack of money and no legislative power or dignity.

The Government of France is bourgeois. The wealth of France is bourgeois. It is shrewdly surmised that many of those

Terror, turned up twenty years later with these evidences to support their claims, and nobody living to dispute them. Be this as it may, nothing could be more ignoble than the titular nobility of France. Paris long ago ceased to be a social capital. It is a cosmopolis. There are in its society

as many trade-marks as in its commerce—most of them worthless and dear at any price. The *ancien régime* has been compelled to piece it out by the help of the Napoleonic canaille, whom it once affected so to despise. Gold bricks are as common on the St. Germain side of the Seine as marked cards in the gambling-houses, which, under the pseudonym of clubs, make even baccarat no longer a game of chance. The rich foreigner—chiefly the American girl and the English swell with more money than brains—keep the little ball, metaphorically speaking, going round and round, twin stars of hope to the Latin fancy and sometimes actual wind-falls.

II

OUR COUSINS, THE ENGLISH

There was in America, and there still is in Switzerland, a kind of simplicity. From us, it is going fast; and as the forces which made English society what it is increase in volume and widen their application, it will go yet faster. In England, society still has its pedigree and its heraldry. Title-deeds are certainly preferable to trade-marks as badges of social distinction. But, in society—the artificial arrangement by which a limited number of men and women, their followers and retainers, parcel out among themselves their days and their nights—questions of real manhood and womanhood enter very little.

Setting Paris aside, and shut out from Vienna and Berlin, the rich American, having made his automobile tour on the Continent, hies him to London for his "innings," such as they are. To him the British capital is a social Mecca. In the olden time, when France, no less than England, was ruled by a crowned head, and when Paris, like London, had a court of

its own, the ribalds and fribalds of the world preferred the banks of the Seine to the banks of the Thames. Perhaps there

was something in the climate—more, I fancy, in the temperament of the people. As a matter of fact, man for man, and woman for woman, there has always been as much wickedness in London as in Paris. But the Latin makes less concealment of his wickedness than the Briton. He is not so much a pharisee. Reputation goes for something. People will do in Paris what they would not dream of doing in London. The respect of the Latin is not greatly prized, is rarely courted by the foreigner. In England a regard is had for appearances, if not for propriety, to say nothing about the decent opinion of decent people.

Since the Franco-German War, the downfall of the Empire, the siege of Paris, the Commune, people who have money to burn go to London to burn it. They may get their clothes built in the Rue

de la Paix, but they drive their coaches through Hyde Park and New Bond Street. Among the English smart set following the cue of the king, it is *chic* to go to Paris incognito. The real thing is to hire a house and flower out in the West End of London, and what the Englishman does as a matter of course, the American seeks to do as a matter of fashion.

There is not the least doubt about the titular nobility of England. They are either somebodies or nobodies, and may readily be placed in the one category or the other. Except by courtesy or cheek, by pretension or fraud, there is no titular nobility in France. There is hardly a



MRS. CLARENCE H. MACKAY, AN AMERICAN SOCIETY WOMAN WHO TAKES A DEEP INTEREST IN EDUCATIONAL AND OTHER SERIOUS AFFAIRS

more contemptible scamp in Europe than the head of the French monarchists. The Faubourg St. Germain has become a very cesspool of scandal, much of it incredible, except that what we know of the lives and characters of the people who date their letters thence, as now and then revealed in the courts of law, corresponds to what we hear in the clubs and cafés. This is by no means to say that there is no scandal in London. In point of fact, there is plenty. But its subjects do not shine in society. After a little they begin to be dropped, and to drop out, some to South Africa and some to the United States—a few to recuperate by a lucky marriage, or a mine, and to return, like the prodigal son, to be forgiven; the greater number never to be seen again, never to be heard of more.

Money is, not unnaturally, the touchstone. He must be either very vulgar, or too ill known, who cannot buy his way into a certain recognition in London. English titles, however, mean something, whereas French titles mean nothing.

On the European Continent titles are often bought and often sold. No man can buy an English title. If he even shares one, "he must marry the girl." If he falsely lays claim to one, he is likely to find himself in jail.

The English still dearly love a lord, but

they insist upon having their lords, as some Americans their liquor, "straight."

Society everywhere, hardly less than in Belgravia and Mayfair, is becoming the merest parade—the merest procession, I mean—an endless chain of receptions and dinners, and dinners and receptions, varied now and again by a luncheon, or a concert.



MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT AND HER CHILDREN. MRS. VANDERBILT, ONE OF THE YOUNGER NEW YORK SOCIETY MATRONS, IS ALSO PROMINENT AT THE COURT OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM

The entrée provided for, the connection established, it is helter-skelter and go-as-you-please.

And of the old inner lights of hospitality, if existent, they are unseen. Individualism, as in other spheres of action, is, as a rule, quite lost.

In British society it is the ticket, the label, not the man, or woman, that counts.

Your host, or hostess, has discharged his or her duty, when he or she has invited you. In the mad rush from house to house there is little time for spontaneity, or real feeling, of any sort.

Lack of spontaneity or real feeling does not express it. Indifference is the word. This is easily acquired by people who, from year's end to year's end, havenothing to do but kill time and plenty to kill it with; the titled rich, with town-houses and country-houses, their place fixed in the world by law, their business the pursuit of machine-made happiness, of arduous and objectless pleasure, of cheap, yet costly, and unavailing glory.

They who are not born to titles and money fall in behind and imitate their betters. The stony stare of the *nouveaux riches* is supposed—at least by themselves

—to be a delight to gods, and is an inspiration to groundlings. The hangers-on are sufficiently numerous and impressionable. Nor could the society thus made up be anything else than it is if it tried. The accumulation of wealth, the multiplication of people, the momentum and the velocity of all things modern, make a different social fabric almost inconceivable.

III

"FADS AND FANCIES"

"Texas," says the man in the farce, "needs only running water and good society," and straightway Mr. Interlocutor replies: "Why, that is all hell needs"; though neither of them had in mind the smart set, from whose ranks any considerable diversion would probably augment the objectionable features of both hell and Texas.



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MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT

Some recent disclosures in and about New York, chiefly relating to certain heroes and heroines of the yellow newspapers — on one side indicating the merest vulgar itching for notoriety and on the other smacking of simple blackmail — bring again to the public attention the essential difference between good and bad society in the United States.

In the foregoing observations I have tried to point the distinction be-

tween society based on titles and pedigree and inherited wealth, and society having nothing behind it except the dollar-mark. The latter may be good, or it may be bad; but in the ratio that it affects to be exclusive yet seeks to see its name in print, it is bad.

Culture and fashion may occasionally keep company, but commonly they are found on opposite sides of the aisle. Too



PRINCESS AGLAIA AUERSPERG, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND PROMINENT WOMEN AT THE AUSTRIAN COURT



ARCHDUCHESS MARIA JOSEPHA, WIFE OF THE ARCHDUKE OTTO OF AUSTRIA AND DAUGHTER OF KING GEORGE OF SAXONY

often fashion has no time for culture and culture no use for fashion. There is an aristocracy of birth, and an aristocracy of brains, and an aristocracy of money. Sometimes they are fused, or partly fused, the man with the pedigree having both money and brains, or money only, or brains only. The man who has come to sudden wealth, by inheritance, or a rich marriage, or a mine discovery, is not necessarily a parvenu. Neither is the scion of the most illustrious line necessarily a gentleman.

Three or four years ago a lamentable tragedy, taking for its *mise en scène* the very vestibule of the Temple of Fashion at Newport, led me, in the line of my duty as a writer for the



PRINCESS HOHENBERG, OF THE COURT OF VIENNA

press, to say some exceeding plain, and it may have been thought by many, some overharsh, things about the *nouveaux riches*, the idle rich, in America. Brought to a rather summary, certainly a very rude, accounting, I was provoked into striking out from the shoulder, as it were, and into

giving my readers the best the shop had on hand, though not all the shop had in stock, because there was a deal of illustrative material I could not, or at least would not, use. In point of fact, I wrote rather under than over the mark.

Assuredly I had never a thought of reaching that equivocal gathering of would-be fashionables who take their cue from the Corinthian Club in London and Maxim's in Paris, who,

in their foolish swagger and debasing knowledge of the unclean, emulate the worst European society, making a cross between the demimondaine and the profligate; and who most arrogantly and mistakenly call themselves the smart set.

They society! Has Caliban grace? Is Tom Thumb to be regarded as an epitome of manhood? Must the simian and the swell be accepted as interchangeable types, as alternating standards, of human breeding and beauty? One would think so even by a partial perusal of the subscription-list of "Fads and Fancies," to say nothing about the reports that come to us from the inner circles of that incarnation of stupidity and affectation, that ensemble and embodiment of boredom, whose only motto seems to be: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye die."

It is the use which money is put to that makes, or mars, the spender. He were a worthless critic who, even in America, declaimed against great establishments, against picture-galleries and libraries, yachts and automobiles, the fruit of honorable effort, the offsprings of genius and toil, proofs at once of the character of our people and our institutions, as of the progressive development of our country. Back of this ever-increasing body of millionaire Americans, there are myriads of the well-to-do, not rich indeed, but able to pay as they go, who live without scandal and travel without adventure, at once the backbone and the glory of our social fabric. Who ever thought of confusing them with the fast and loose crowd—exploiting the fast and loose fortunes—with never a throb of honest sentiment, never a thought of the hereafter?

It must not be forgotten that society is as variable as it is vague. It is not quite the same in winter quarters and in summer by the seaside. It has its full-dress, and it has its dishabille. Although for the most part affecting tragedy airs, it is in reality a comedian, and may be seen off and on the stage, before and behind the curtain, its exits and its entrances for the most part fitted to some exigency of pleasure or vanity, for, having nothing to do except to amuse and exploit itself, its chief vocation, even like that of the poet, is to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. Too often, with us, its pretensions are not merely ridiculous but, when origins are

considered, preposterous. "You a gentleman!" Disraeli once said to a parvenu, who had made himself particularly obnoxious and aggressive. "Let me tell you, it takes three generations to make a gentleman." Alas, how many of our would-be swells forget this.

Despite the pretensions of the *nouveaux riches* in America, they know in reality nothing about caste distinction. They wear the mask merely. The true patrician—and in monarchies it is only the true patrician who sets the pace—looks down upon all below him sometimes with toleration—as upon his tenants and his servants—and sometimes with scorn, especially upon those who struggle upward. For him, it is a sincerely real and honest sentiment. It is born with him, dwells in his blood, inherited along with the estates, transmitted from father to son through a long line of property and titular distinction. Be the man never so base or never so noble, the sense of superiority is there.

And yet the poor soul who has such heaps of money that he does not know what to do with himself is almost as much the sport and prey of the winds that blow as the tramp, who, though he reckes not whence his dinner may come, takes life as he finds it and makes himself merry on the highway. The idle millionaire, whether he has a title or not, must follow the fashion if he would keep in the swim; and to keep in the swim is the one objective point. For him the year is subdivided, laid out in regular parterre, like an Italian garden, and he must even fulfill his destiny as a gentleman of wealth and leisure. He is rarely happy. He buys a palace, lives in it awhile, and goes away. "So awfully dreary, doncher-know." He buys a yacht, tires of it, sells it, and buys another. "Nothing like the water, doncher-know." The automobile craze caught him where he was weakest—for fast, fast, faster is the aim—and he is now scudding and scorching over the world's byways, having found a new and costly toy—a veritable Flying Dutchman, only on the land, not on the water.

In a word, fortune's favorite is never happy except when he is giving proof that he can spend more money than his rival, yet wretched when he finds how little it brings him, either of distinction or diversion.

The women get on much better than the men. They still love to dance. It shows

their paces. It displays their gowns. The men despise dancing. "Too fatiguing, doncherknow." It is so much easier to gamble and to flirt. Your professional beauty has a deal to engage her—herself, to begin with; then her raiment; then the jewel-box, diamonds and rubies and emeralds and ropes of pearls; and, finally, the men. If hard put to it, she can amuse herself of a rainy afternoon before her looking-glass; self-ish and vain, and a philosopher. When the men grow tired of one another or go broke, they will come after her.

She knows that and she knows them—only too well. She has learned all their tricks and their manners, and can talk slang and scandal with them—smoke and drink with them, and often beat them at bridge or baccarat. Meanwhile, the old dowagers, lying back in their velvets and laces, red-nosed, double-chinned, fat, florid and fifty, look on with confidence, even exultation, born of the knowledge that Gwendolyn is up to snuff and that Vyvian will hook her man whenever she's a mind to.

In such a society, to be ignorant of the moving currents of life and thought is so indispensable that, if one has it not, he must affect it. Why should they who carry a through ticket from the cradle to the grave concern themselves about any other state of being than their own? And,



COUNTESS TORBY, WIFE OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA. SHE WAS THE COUNTESS SOPHIA OF MERENBERG. THE GRAND DUKE ON HIS MARRIAGE WAS COMPELLED TO RESIGN HIS POST IN THE ARMY AND PUT HIS ESTATE INTO THE HANDS OF TRUSTEES, ASSUMING THE TITLE COUNT TORBY

of course, those who get aboard at the way-stations, admitted on sufferance and therefore great only by reflection, are likely in copying to exaggerate the aspects and features of the company they find already assembled. The airs of the butler and the lady's maid have become so perennial and stereotyped that, given the opportunity, they might pass for genuine reproductions. It is the aspiring parvenu who, by hook or crook, by good fortune or by fawning, gets into the charmed circle without having had the chance to study its

methods, that needs to look to his manners.

It is absurd to deny that the British peerage is the best-blooded and best-mannered body of men and women in the world. It is absurd to deny that the English people, take them as they stand in their bare feet, are not the best people in the world. Personally, I do not like, and have never liked, their class system, either political or social. That may be a predilection of nature, or it may be a prejudice of birth and training. I am bound to admit, however, that the system suits them and fits them perfectly. It has worked admirably for ages. The solidarity of English institutions and character is at once the hostage it gives to humankind and the proof it offers to truth. I dispute nothing; though, in speaking of English society, as it is organized, as it

appears at its headquarters in Park Lane and is seen in Rotten Row, I am not speaking of people at all, but of a machine, of an enginery, which, having its counterpart alone in Vienna and Berlin, merely its echo in Paris and its imitation in New York, can only be fairly compared or contrasted with these, and which so contrasted and compared, shows itself well in the lead. Isolated, but sure of its footing, heartless, but respectable, not inhospitable, but selfish and exacting, it will not brook the square peg in the round hole and it keeps things lively and decent. Indefatigable, it rarely wants for its sensation, always pretending to be bored. Latterly, Charity, with the biggest kind of a "C," is its fad; and, surely, that were one of the things not better honored in the breach than the observance.

There can be no real friendship between a prince and a subject; no equal, fair relations between a grand seigneur, to whom work is a badge of servitude, and, therefore, of dishonor, and a commoner who must earn his bread. The American, however rich and famous, is at a disadvantage in his relations with an Austrian archduke, or even an English earl; though sometimes, through circumstance or condescension, there may seem to be a close, perhaps an affectionate, intimacy, like that, for example, between Bismarck and Motley. These instances, however, are exceptional—school-fellowship; force of habit, tempered somewhat by official position, which, indeed, is the only leveler, because it means power and place in the state and treads close upon the heels of pedigree. The House of Lords may be gradually passing into the limbo of the obsolete. It may come to be shorn of its legislative prerogative. But there can be no denying the importance of an English peer down from the royal dukes to the latest viscounts and barons, nor the estimation in which they are held by the commonalty of England.

Environment, as I have said, is everything. He becomes an artist who has grown up in an atmosphere of art, he a man of letters who has played with books in the nursery. There is a refining influence in heirlooms, in old furniture and china and pictures, and, though the allotment of human clay be never so loosely distributed, the pottery means much, so that, even though it chance to be brutal and selfish,

the patrician spirit yet abideth, and, generally, the outer and visible forms of good breeding.

The imitation of this in our *nouveaux riches* is poor indeed. It is as obvious as lincrusta, or veneering. And, when I say *nouveaux riches*, I do not mean the sudden wealth of Chicago, smelling of pork, nor of Wall Street, smelling of brimstone; but of those semi-cultivated people who, having time and money to throw to the birds, go abroad, thinking to get into society. They sometimes in a way succeed. But their admission is tentative. They carry a provisional ticket-of-leave. They exist on sufferance. They gain no real standing nor honorable recognition. They come away with certain notions of their own about caste distinction. They imitate certain habits, aspects, mannerisms. It is a little absurd and wholly unreal. They are not the happier for it. They raise up deepening, and in some ways discrediting, contrasts at home. The evil-minded among them ape the bad, not the good, of foreign life. The smart set, in each of the European capitals, starts out by the elimination of sex. The women know as much as the men. What is sauce for the gander becomes sauce for the goose. There is little decorum indeed, but plenty of silence. The blinds are drawn. The servants are sent away.

The real trouble seems to be that it is the vicious, not the virtuous, which our smart set imports from Europe, and which, without let or hindrance, gets through the custom-house. In the end, perhaps the surfeit will bring about its reaction; even the automobile craze may subside into a steady and useful locomotion. The time may come when the rich American will find something more to his fancy than bizarre vanities and foreign loitering; when, surrounded by the refinements that money can buy, he will stay at home, quite ready to receive the best of company, no longer nursing the distemper of deriving pleasure by dipping his toes in the rather cold sunshine of a titled aristocracy, which at heart despises him. That were a republican society indeed—a society to be proud of because a Society proud of its country and itself—gone back for its inspiration to the homely, homespun sources whence we draw all that is strong and worthy in our life as a nation and as a people.



BELLE OF THE CHUVANZKY TRIBE,
NORTHWESTERN SIBERIA



BELLE OF THE KORYAK TRIBE,
NORTHEASTERN SIBERIA

Did America People the World?

Results of the Jesup Expedition which Show that the Asiatic Peoples Came Originally from this Continent

BY DANIEL T. PIERCE

HOW was this continent peopled? Did man come here from Asia or did he spread from America to the Eastern Continent? To solve these perplexing questions Morris K. Jesup, President of the American Museum of Natural History, has spent a large sum of money in an elaborate investigation, the results of which are soon to be published in twelve quarto volumes. These volumes are now being prepared in Leyden and will shortly be available. Scientific men the world over are awaiting their appearance with impatient interest. They embody the first systematic and comprehensive treatment of the problem of how the red man got here and where he probably came from. To gather the facts embraced in the volumes, seven years were spent in minute study of the aboriginal tribes of northwest America and Siberia, and another year in reducing the investigator's discoveries to writing. No one will say that this labor and money have been ill spent when it becomes known that Mr. Jesup's investigators have found the long-

sought answer to the question, How was this continent peopled? The most conservative are satisfied on one point at least—that the first American was not an Asiatic emigrant. This idea was exploited not long ago in a volume that bore the title, "An Inglorious Columbus," but the author of that fascinating book, like all other investigators in the same field, must now revise his conclusions.

Heretofore the question of where the American red man came from has rested in the airy realms of speculation. Nobody knew, least of all the Indians themselves, but everybody wanted to know. There have always been, however, plenty of conflicting theories as to the origin of man in America. Some scientists contended that man spread from America into Asia probably by way of the Aleutian Islands. Other scientists scouted this flattering theory and produced arguments tending to show that at some remote period man drifted to the Western Continent from Asia. Still other scientists disputed both of these theories, maintaining that there were no points of resemblance between the tribes of America and those of Asia. Further than this these latter scientists



JAPANESE GIRL IN INDIAN COSTUME

did not go; they did not pretend to say how man developed on either continent, or whether he had a separate origin; they said, in brief, that the origin of man was so completely lost in the mazes of antiquity as to be altogether undiscoverable.

Decidedly interesting as were these various theories, none of them had an acceptably substantial basis. They were full of entertaining imagination, but lacked a sufficient foundation of fact. They settled nothing to the satisfaction of anyone except the creators of the theories. Mr. Jesup shared the popular feeling in regard to this problem of the origin of man on the American continent; he was not satisfied with the theories of the scientists; he wanted to *know* how man had established himself here and from whence he emigrated, if indeed he emigrated at all. With Prof. F. W. Putnam, of Harvard and the American Museum of Natural History, and Dr. Franz Boas, also of the Museum of Natural History, and one of the best-known anthropologists in the world, Mr. Jesup discussed the different theories advanced at one time or another. Professor Putnam and Doctor Boas had been trying for some time to find out if there were any indications of contact in former times between the people of Asia and America. They concluded that the only satisfactory way to get this information was to make a thorough investigation of the oldest remaining tribes of both countries. By studying tribal customs, characteristics, traditions and languages they believed that they could establish at least this one point, but such an investigation would be very expensive. It was at this juncture that Mr. Jesup stepped in and agreed to pay the expenses of an expedition which

would uncover the data that scientists have been yearning for for years.

The outcome of Mr. Jesup's determination, with the coöperation of Professor Putnam and Doctor Boas, was the "Jesup North Pacific Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History." It was organized in 1897 and has carried on its work actively ever since. Its labors indeed will not be completed until the twelve volumes of reports on its work are published. It was arranged to investigate the tribes from the Columbia River to northern Alaska and in Asia down to the line of southern Siberia where the area of civilization begins. The first subject of inquiry was how long the tribes had been on various parts of the Pacific coast and what changes had taken place in the tribal physical characteristics and cultures. The next aim was to determine what relation, past or present, neighboring or distant tribes bore to one another and the probable origin and connection of their languages, customs and cultures. By this plan it was entirely possible to trace the relationship between the American and Asiatic tribes, and probably the course of emigration in prehistoric times.

The investigations in America were carried on by Doctor Boas, Harlan I. Smith, Livingston Farrant, James Teit, George Hunt, Roland B. Dixon, and other American ethnologists. For the work in Siberia, the services of Waldemar Jochelson and Waldemar Bogoras, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg, were secured. Dr. Berthold Lanfer was entrusted with the operations in southeastern Siberia.

The twelve huge volumes now in course of publication are intended purely for scientists. It is, however, unnecessary to await their appearance and pore over the ponderous mass of description and other facts to find out what the conclusions of the expedition are as to where man in America came from.



UKIAH MAIDEN IN JAPANESE COSTUME



UKIAH INDIAN IN JAPANESE COSTUME

From the study of both ethnological and archeological conditions in northwestern America, and in northeastern Asia, it seems most probable that man on the American continent did not come from Asia at all but crossed over into Asia by way of northwestern America. The emigration seems to have been from the interior of America westward to the Pacific coast and thence

on to Asia. Mr. Harlan I. Smith found ample evidence of a remarkable change in the type between the prehistoric Indians of southern British Columbia and the present tribes. The former had long and narrow faces and elongated heads, while the present tribes have very wide and heavy faces and short, round heads. This, the expedition thinks, goes to show that there must have been a considerable change of population in this region, which probably was due to an invasion of tribes from the interior. This conclusion is borne out by the study which the expedition made of the languages and ethnology of the different tribes.

The favorite theory heretofore has been that the Indian came here from Asia. This theory is now upset. Many of those, moreover, who held that there was no relationship at all between the tribes of America and those of Asia, have recently changed their views radically and now believe, as a result of the work of the expedition, that the Indian originated here and spread into Asia. Stewart Culin, of the University of Pennsylvania, is one of the converts. Mr. Culin has personally carried on extensive investigations. For a long time he denied that there was any connection between the tribes of the two continents. But at a recent congress of scientists he surprised all present by saying: "I would like to state that I now withdraw from the position which I formerly occupied, that there was no communication between the two continents. I now feel very sure that some time in the remote past there must have been most intimate relations, and furthermore that the emigrations may have been, not from Asia to America, but from our own American continent to Asia and to the southern islands in the Pacific. Furthermore, I believe that the material which has been brought together will permit a demonstration to be made to you of this emigration in the long past and the establishment of the American continent, not as the source of an arid and sterile culture, as it is sometimes characterized, but of a living, vital force, which has gone out into the Old World, and has affected the cultures of historic peoples with whom we are acquainted."

There are so many different tribes in northwestern America and in Siberia and they are separated by such vast distances that it did not seem probable at the outset

that there was any close relationship between them. Each tribe has its own peculiar language and customs and is isolated from the other tribes. Those who contended that there was nothing in common between the Asiatic and American tribes seemed to have considerable foundation for their assertions. But this was merely a superficial belief which arose from the lack of proper investigation. When the members of the Jesup Expedition, after their years of exploration and study, compared notes, they found that there was really a very close relationship between the Asiatic and American tribes. Not only do members of the expedition think that it has established this highly important fact, but they are inclined to believe that the tribes of both Siberia and northwestern America were originally one race and that their culture was identical and sprang from the same source.

The Chukchee and Koryak Indians, for instance, inhabit the extreme northeastern part of Asia. It was found that there is a noticeable resemblance between their culture and that of the Eskimo in North America. They have much the same religious ideas and folk-lore. This resemblance was so striking that, each independently of the other, both Mr. Bogoras and Mr. Jochelson concluded that there was a close affiliation between eastern Siberian folk-lore and that of southern Alaska and British Columbia. The expedition in other ways found by abundant evidence that far back, at an extremely remote period, there must have been an intimate relationship between the Indian tribes of the Pacific coast and the people of eastern Asia. The Chukchee, Koryak, Kamchadal and Yukaghir, of northeastern Asia, are, in reality, to be associated with the American race of Indians rather than with any Asiatic race. The investigation proved that they are much more closely akin to the American Indians than to Asiatics. This fact, of course, could be determined only by a careful analysis of their customs, traditions and languages. Originally of one family, they became widely separated as time went on, and isolated themselves. As the centuries passed, some people must have come in which interrupted the close contact between the Siberian and American tribes. The expedition believes that the disturbing



JAPANESE IN INDIAN COSTUME

factor were the Eskimo, who are comparatively new arrivals on the Pacific side of America and who probably emigrated from somewhere east of the Mackenzie River.

The story told by the Jesup investigators is very important and very wonderful. It is phrased largely in the carefully guarded terms of cautious scientists, but it will point

out one fact as firmly established, and that is that the tribes of America and Asia were originally of one family, and it will strongly indicate that their starting-point was right here in America. The expedition is conservative and will not say that its conclusions are absolutely proved. But so far as the scientific acumen of many trained minds could discover from a very pains-

marked varieties of the American race, the establishment of which must have occupied a vast period. The differences in these types show that much time was necessary for their development. This long occupancy of our continent implies that American culture passed through a long period of development." The discovery of the "Lansing Man" skeleton in a



CHILDREN OF THE TUNGU TRIBE, SIBERIA

taking investigation, the evidence all points one way.

Man is very old in America—perhaps he has been here fully a hundred thousand years, if not more. "There is little doubt," Doctor Boas says, "that the American race has inhabited our continent for an inconceivably long time. The principal foundation for this belief is the existence of well-

marked varieties of the American race, the establishment of which must have occupied a vast period. The differences in these types show that much time was necessary for their development. This long occupancy of our continent implies that American culture passed through a long period of development." The discovery of the "Lansing Man" skeleton in a deposit at Lansing, Kansas, several years ago, proved that man lived here at a very remote period. What took place during these great cycles? Was it from the tribes which came into existence in this country that Asia was largely peopled, and was the primitive culture which grew slowly here transplanted into Asia, and then to Europe, to become the civilizations of great historic peoples? The investigation which Mr. Jesup paid a large sum to have made enables us for the first time to answer this question with a confident affirmative.

The illustrations to this article are very suggestive and offer further proof of the relationship existing between the original American and Asiatic peoples. They show further what an important part dress and visual impression play in the formation of popular ideas of racial characteristics. An Indian costume makes a very lifelike "redskin" out of a Japanese. In the same way Japanese dress works the most puzzling transformation in Indians.

From the pictures themselves it would be practically impossible to tell which are Japanese and which Indians. There is a strong suggestion, if nothing more, in the curious fact that the two peoples are not so unlike as they are usually pictured in our imagination, misled as it is, by mere differences in dress, present habitat, history, and our traditional belief in the absence of relationship between them.

The Eclipse Seen from a Spanish Mountain

BY GABRIELLE RENAUDOT

It was believed by astronomers that the eclipse of August 30th would be, if not the most, one of the most important of the twentieth century. With improved telescopic, and especially photographic, instruments, and better methods of observation, expectation ran high that a great advance would be made in our knowledge of solar physics. With this in view, the COSMOPOLITAN sent a representative to Spain, where many parties had located; and another with the Canadian Government Expedition to Labrador. Unfortunately, the latter was a failure, owing to a cloudy sky, and neither it nor the Lick Observatory party in the same regions was able to witness the phenomena of totality. The weather-conditions at the Spanish observing-camps were, with but few exceptions, perfect. It is still too early to know the scientific results of the observations, but they will come later. The expectations of important results are increased by the fact that the moment of totality found the sun in a state of intense activity, which exaggerated condition of affairs is the best possible one for new and vital discoveries. This month we are enabled to print a lively and picturesque account of the eclipse by Mlle. Gabrielle Renaudot. This young Frenchwoman has devoted herself to the science of the heavens, and gives promise of brilliant achievements in her chosen line of work. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that she is a lineal descendant of Théophraste Renaudot, the great philanthropist of the reign of Louis XIII and founder of the first French newspaper. Mlle. Renaudot is secretary to M. Camille Flammarion in his astronomical labors. M. Flammarion himself has also sent us some interesting remarks on the forthcoming results of the observations, both celestial and terrestrial, which we publish. The COSMOPOLITAN'S readers may rest assured that whatever secrets of the universe have been divulged by the important event of August 30th will be placed before them at the earliest possible moment.—Editorial Note.



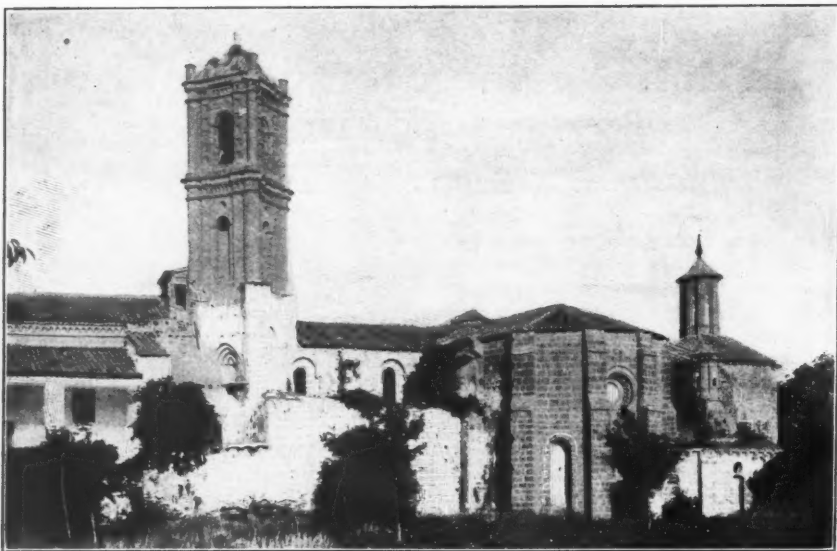
DURING the last days of August all Spain was in effervescence. The frontier barriers were lowered to let Science pass. To old Castile and to Aragon came scientists from America, France, Russia, England, Germany and Italy in response to the invitation of Nature. She, as a matter of fact, was offering to all her friends, and to the astronomers in particular, one of the most wonderful spectacles that are ever to be seen.

The stage was the sky, and the two great rôles were played by the sun and the moon. Among the minor figures were Mercury, for the present, at least, the nearest planet to the sun—as we hope still one of these days to discover yet another planet lost in the solar rays. Then the brilliant planet Venus, which on this occasion loses her

title of morning star or evening star, without, however, losing her greatest title of nobility—that of beauty. Finally Sirius, and many another among the most brilliant of the stars which sparkled as at the fall of night and lent their pale splendor to this celestial celebration.

The spectacle was entitled, "A Total Eclipse of the Sun."

While awaiting the commencement of the piece, let us glance around the theater. To the land of Spain from Ferrol to Taragona came the astronomer pilgrims to ask from the Spanish sky the favor of observing one of the most magnificent phenomena of nature. To see the somber disk of the moon creep gradually in front of the radiant surface of the sun, cut across it, and finally cover and mask it completely, is a spectacle one cannot have anywhere in the world. And so anyone who wishes to be a witness of it often has to go far to view the spectacle.



MONASTERY OF PIEDRA NEAR ALHAMA, ARAGON, SPAIN, WHERE M^{LL}E. RENAUDOT OBSERVED THE ECLIPSE OF AUGUST 30TH

They arrive, then, from every corner of the globe, these intrepid observers of the celestial wonders, to take part in this scientific solemnity. There are also not a few amateurs who have come out of curiosity to enjoy a rare spectacle. For them the task is easy enough. They travel in great comfort in their sleeping-cars or in well-appointed ships, and, being favored by fortune, they disembark with their hands in their pockets, so to say, without any other care than not to miss the passing moment of the show. They have but to use their eyes in order to be instantly recompensed for the fatigue of long journeys.

For astronomers, it is a very different matter.

They are powerfully armed, and their baggage is voluminous. Astronomical instruments built in the highest perfection of modern science are naturally employed for this event. Telescopes, spectroscopes, helioscopes, photographic apparatus, thermometers, barometers, actinometers, have long been installed on the field of operations, for numerous rehearsals are necessary before the great performance.

The precious instruments receive all the care due to their great value; there have been constructed for them, I will not say palaces, but shelters of canvas or of wood

which protect them from all violence of the weather.

In towns and villages scientists have taken lodgings, but those who prefer to get nearer the sky, and chose the summit of a hill or a mountain as a point of observation, camp in their tents "under the beautiful stars."

It is not merely in the most habitable regions, of course, that these encampments have been placed. Burgos, the ancient capital of Castile, was thronged by numbers of astronomers, who filled the town and spread over its neighborhood. The houses being insufficient in number to lodge them all, the Spanish army had to lend its assistance, and has loaned more than five hundred tents to the houseless scientists from abroad. But Burgos has not obtained all the patronage of the astronomers, and large numbers of observers are spread all along the path of totality—Oviedo, Leon, Almazan, Soria, and as far as Valencia.

The northern part of the Iberian peninsula was in these last days of August the most cosmopolitan country in the world, and everyone brought thither the dominant note of his own country. The hotels situated in the zone are absolutely crammed. Everywhere is a deafening

chatter of various tongues, leading to the most amusing misunderstandings. A lady, for instance, asks you to show her the nearest telegraph office. As you are yourself not a polyglot, you reply that the country around is indeed very pretty. Similar incidents occur at every instant. There is, however, one word on which all languages agree more or less closely, and that is the word "eclipse." You hear it at every moment. It is like a bridge thrown between the nations that are represented at this astronomical celebration. Moreover, all the observers, official scientists or amateur astronomers of a day, temporarily forget the earth and her frontiers, and her differences of language, and think only of the sky, of which we are all citizens, and which astronomy gives to all humanity as one single country.

But the great day has arrived.

Observers, take your places, for the show is about to begin. Let those who have no telescopes bring out their smoked glasses.

Wednesday, August 30th.—For three days the sun has been slighting us. He appears, shines an instant, and then hides himself again. Will it be an eclipse by the clouds rather than by the moon? No. This morning the wind came up with the dawn and did a little house-cleaning in the sky. The clouds have been swept away. A few still linger lazily on the horizon. But these are inoffensive, and the king of orbs shines brilliantly.

Since dawn everyone has been abroad.

One would almost think some caprice of the moon was expected, some acceleration of her speed which would make all those a little late miss the spectacle!

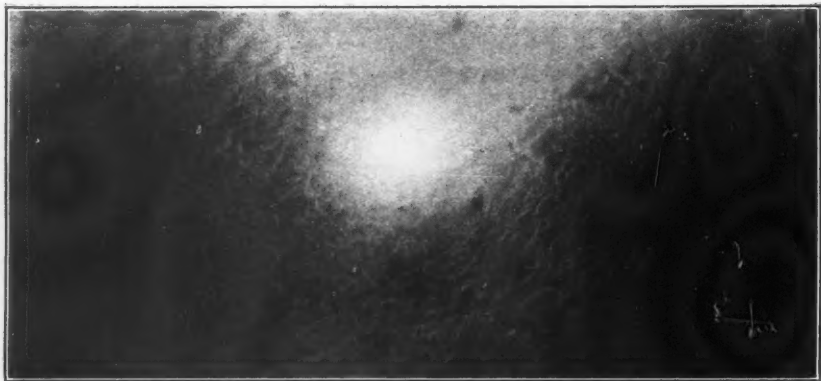
The forenoon passes slowly, and everyone is impatient. From every corner news of the weather is being gleaned. Happily it is full of good promise. The radiant sun goes on his way and seems more magnificent than ever. Let us hope he will not play us any trick at the last moment.

At noon we mount a high hill where our temporary observatory is situated.

Already the moon has touched the orb of day, which continues, however, none the less to give out his joyous light. The heat is scorching; and with considerable trouble and fatigue we drag ourselves up the side of the arid mountain, catching at the few tufts of lavender dotted about here and there, and scratching our hands against the stones.

At last we arrive at the summit, from which one overlooks a vast extent of territory. We are eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and, as one may say, in a proscenium-box to admire the spectacle. Not the least obstacle comes in the way. Around us the hills stand in lines, seeming to slip into the horizon where they become confused with the bands of clouds. The panorama is marvelous in its savage beauty. The heedless sun now stands royally at the zenith. Yet the moon has already cut away a considerable notch from him, and the observers begin with attentive eyes to follow all the phases of the phenomenon.





PHOTOGRAPH BY M. FLAMMARION MADE AT ALMAZAN, SPAIN, AUGUST 30TH, SHOWING THE SUN IN A CLOUDY SKY JUST AFTER TOTALITY

The sky is intensely blue, there being but a few wandering clouds in the distance.

At twenty-seven minutes past noon, the Madrid time, a third of the solar disk is covered by the moon. Nothing is changed in the aspect of nature. The birds sing with "full-throated ease," and the flowers send forth their brightness and perfume. The rivulets, which are very numerous in this region, give out their endless concert. One of them falls in a cascade from the height of an enormous rock, making each second, as it has done for centuries, a leap of one hundred and fifty feet into a river below. Two dogs, which a short while ago were frolicking about, already show signs of uneasiness.

12:47 P.M.—More than half of the solar disk is covered. The sun is a crescent of light in the sky, hidden, as for the rest of him, by the dark shadow of the earth's satellite.

12:52 P.M.—The daylight is sensibly decreasing. The solar crescent becomes thinner. A fresh breeze has arisen.

1 P.M.—The sky is paling as at the beginning of twilight, and the breeze has become stronger. The temperature is rapidly going down. We feel a penetrating cold. Suddenly a cock crows, then two; three others reply to them as if it were dawn. The atmosphere has a wan tint. It is impossible to resist a certain feeling of nervousness, as one realizes the imminent approach of an extraordinary spectacle. Every regard is fixed on the same point of the sky, and telescopes and all the instru-

ments of observation are ready. All batteries are in action.

1:0 P.M.—The sky becomes darker and darker, and the country round assumes a very sinister aspect. There is a kind of veil of sadness spread over the whole of nature. On the road at the foot of the hill there pass a flock of sheep, bleating as they go. Farther off, near a small house, the fowls are running in for shelter.

1:12 P.M.—A solemn silence is observed by Nature. The birds are hushed. A few continue to fly, emitting little cries like sobs. At my feet three ants seem to hold a council. They are consulting. What has happened? The sun has changed its aspect. One of the little creatures, in great fear, buries itself under a tuft of thyme, whence to observe his small horizon. His small companions are not long in joining him and all are in extreme agitation. At the same moment a hollow sound, like an arrow, strikes my ear, and I see a bat fly past. The poor thing is terror-stricken. The flies cease to buzz. Only the brooks and waterfalls continue their uninterrupted fall, splashing noisily into the valley. It is the only noise that is to be heard at the present moment.

The luminous crescent of the sun becomes narrower and narrower; the moon blots him out more and more each minute.

On the horizon the few clouds have become gilded. Others, as black as ink, spread a little distance from the sun, look as if they were going to fall and crush us. I have a curious feeling of oppression. The

cold is intense. The sun is at its death-agony, so it would seem. One would think we were present at the end of the world.

1:15 P.M.—The last ray of light disappears and suddenly the disk of the moon, of pitchy blackness, takes the sun's place. Totality has begun.

What a marvel it is! What an unforgettable spectacle! So great is our emotion that we scarcely breathe. There is no more sun. The moon covers it entirely, and we are plunged into absolute night. The dark disk of the moon is ringed round its circumference by an immense and most brilliant aureole, which is thrown far out from the sun. This corona is of the most striking silvery-white, ending in yellowish fringes

that every face has a livid appearance. The dogs bark unceasingly. Somewhere about, a humble little cricket sends out its monotonous note. Near to me a little blue flower hangs its head as if crushed by this gloom. The landscape has become fantastical, and one might easily believe oneself in another world. But we are very quickly brought back to earth and disturbed in these fancies by a ray of light. It is the sun which re-assumes his rights.

It is over! The magical spectacle fades, the fugitive vision is finished. We have scarcely had time to admire it. We feel this is a pity, and we would fain for one more instant keep the moon at a standstill. But rapidly she edges away, leaving her shadow to fall on the earth from west to east. Once more the country is bathed in light. Two swallows whirl around me, as if they were ill. The cricket is hushed, while the cocks sing a hymn to the sun. To the astonishment and terror of a few minutes ago succeeds an exuberant joy. The god of day is welcomed again, and several brave peasants thank this good

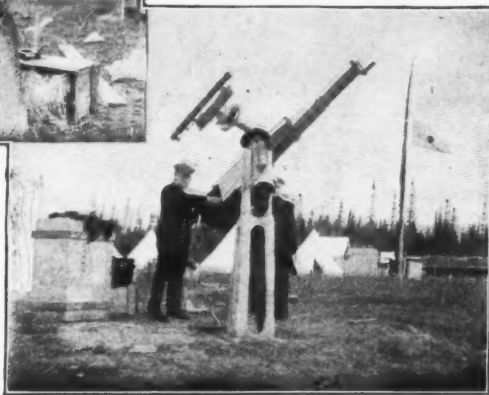


MRS. MAUNDER AT NORTHWEST RIVER WITH THE CAMERA WITH WHICH SHE MADE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CORONAL RAYS IN INDIA IN 1898

on the outer rim. They would be round and regular if it were not for two streaks which come out on the south, and two others not so long on the northeast. This coronal atmosphere throws a strange and very pale light over the world, allowing us to discern with difficulty the various aspects of the phenomenon. We are, indeed, compelled to light lanterns.

In the west, Venus throws out her brilliant rays, and eyes are fixed on her striking and beautiful light. In the east glimmers yellow Arcturus. Mercury appears to be shy.

Looking round at my neighbors, I notice



E. W. MAUNDER, OF THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH, WITH LARGEST INSTRUMENT SENT OUT BY THE OBSERVATORY TO THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT STATION, NORTHWEST RIVER, LABRADOR

moon from the bottom of their heart for giving back to them the supreme light just as beautiful and just as magnificent as before. Slowly the thermometer rises again. I observed it carefully since the beginning of the eclipse. At noon it marked seventy-seven degrees in the sun; at 12:42, sixty-



DR. W. F. KING, CHIEF ASTRONOMER OF THE DOMINION, IN CHARGE OF THE CANADIAN EXPEDITION TO LABRADOR

seven degrees. and at 1:02, sixty-three degrees, or a difference of fourteen degrees between the beginning of the phenomena and the end of totality. At last, order is reestablished in nature. The clouds, which have hitherto kept respectfully at a distance, now hurry forward to give another eclipse, which, however, has not the slightest interest for us. They may take entire possession of the sky for all we care. The moon is far from the sun.

Total eclipses of the sun have, as a matter of fact, played a most important rôle in astronomical discoveries relative to the physical constitution of the luminary itself. This constitution is one of the most interesting problems that science has to consider, as the whole of terrestrial life, plant and animal, hangs on the rays of the sun.

If one directs one's eye (quickly turned away again) on the shining disk, the dazzled optic sees nothing but fire, and keeps the impression of an inflamed globe of unparalleled brilliance, of immaculate whiteness. But seen through a proper telescope, the surface of the sun is never so

calm as this. Spots often trouble its serenity, and shallows form on it. These spots, some of which are enormous, are at times even visible to the naked eye, through a piece of smoked glass, and are the indications of the agitations which take place there, ninety-two million miles from our earth.

Is this gigantic sphere of light, then, the seat of formidable disturbances? This is precisely the fact that one gathers from careful observation of eclipses.

It is the moment of total eclipse that has to be seized on in its passing swiftness to pry into the immediate neighborhood of his Majesty the sun. What we see then is no longer the orb of day, but, on the contrary, the disk of night; the somber body of the moon placed like a wax seal over the sun. All around it a vast ring of gold, as I have already described it, throws a fantastical light into space. This aureole, which is called the chromosphere, is nothing in fact but the solar atmosphere, the nature of which is still very little known to us, except that it is a kind of covering of fire from five thousand to ten thousand miles deep, which burns continually and from which there dart out immense jets of flame thrown with fearful swiftness to prodigious heights. Thanks to an ingenious discovery of Messrs. Janssen and Lockyer, these protuberances have since 1868 been daily observed and registered. But this is not all. The sun has still many secrets hidden from us. What we do know of the constitution of this great luminary we owe to the rare minutes when it is hidden by our own satellite. They are precious and all too fugitive minutes, looked for long in advance by the scientists who are anxious to obtain an abundant harvest for science.

Think of all that has to be done during the very short time of totality—drawings, photographs, researches in spectral analysis, polarization, observations of the corona, readings of the thermometer and barometer—much more, indeed, than is necessary to absorb the whole of the astronomer's attention.

Such is the phenomenon that has staggered the centuries. As simple as the cause is, humanity continued for ages to be astounded at the sudden temporary absence of the sun's light during the day, and was full of horror before this unexplained

marvel. It can readily be understood how primitive man was filled with fear when he suddenly saw the light of day extinguished. Was it not natural that in their ignorance men should believe that the world would remain plunged in eternal night? No more sun! No more life-giving rays! Poor earth deprived of the eye of day and condemned to march onward like a blind thing in the infinite! And all were seized with panic when thinking of the future, a black and bottomless gulf. This horror has given birth to a crowd of legends, and provoked innumerable incidents tragic and comic.

We are all familiar with Herodotus' tale

the natives who had been assigned to help him rushed away at the moment of eclipse and made for a near-by river. One of their religious rites commands that they should plunge into water up to the neck in order to counteract the influence of an evil spirit. They came back when all was over.

On more than one occasion ingenious minds have turned these phenomena to their own advantage. Thus, in the eclipse whose path crossed Natal on April 16, 1874, some natives who had become corrupted through contact with Europeans demanded double pay, claiming that there were, in truth, that day two distinct days separated by a night, short as it may have been. On



REV. I. F. KAVANAGH, S. J., OF LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL, AT NORTHWEST RIVER, WITH HIS TELESCOPE AND SIGHTING DEVICE FOR CONFINING VISUAL OBSERVATION TO THE OUTER CORONA, AND SKETCHING THE STREAMERS TO SCALE

of how the combat of the Medes and Persians was ended by an eclipse of the sun. The records of ancient history contain several other instances of the course of events taking an unexpected turn through the intrusion of this phenomenon, and they continue through the Middle Ages to this very day.

While M. Janssen was in British India observing the eclipse of August 18, 1868,

the other hand, the proprietor of a Natal diamond-depository called his negro workers together and announced that the sun was about to die. He would, however, consent to live a few more years if he were made a present of a large diamond. The frightened miners scratched so hard in the soil that day that they found one stone of about forty-five carats, which they brought to the crafty owner. "I think that will do,"

he said, as he examined the precious stone. "At any rate, the sun will get well quickly."

During the night of February 27, 1877, a lunar eclipse provoked an indescribable tumult among the inhabitants of Laos, in Indo-China. In order to frighten the monster who was devouring the queen of the night, they fired pistols at the moon, and accompanied this fusillade with frightful cries. And again, that of December 16, 1880, was greeted by the inhabitants of Tashkent, in Russian Turkestan, with a terrible din of pots, kettles and samovars, beaten by tireless arms.

In China, eclipses are the object of important ceremonies, whose end is to re-establish the regular order of celestial motion. The emperor is considered the Son of Heaven. His government should therefore, in a way, be the reflection of the immutable order of sidereal harmony. Chinese astrology regards eclipses as troubles of the divine order, and their appearance seems to betray an irregularity in the government of the celestial empire. Therefore are they greeted by all sorts of expiatory ceremonies which were devised thousands of years back. The same ceremonies are carried out to-day. When an eclipse is visible at Peking, the imperial guard stations itself at the foot of the Rose Tower, with musicians and drummers. During the entire eclipse the drums are beaten, and the music is deafening. The whole population takes part in these mani-

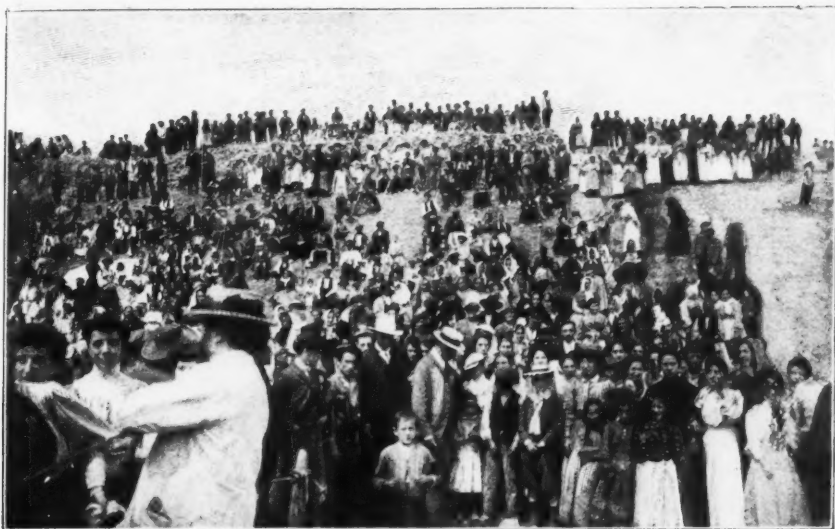
festations, which are sometimes presided over by the emperor himself. The Hindus share these same terrors, and they include in the list of planets known to astronomers a monster which is seeking to devour both the sun and the moon. The ancient Scandinavians placed in the heavens two enormous wolves, Moongarn and Fenris, who are perpetually pursuing the sun and the moon. When the moon was eclipsed, the Incas believed firmly that she was ill

and that if she should die she would become detached from the heavens, fall upon the earth and crush them. In order to make the dogs, for which they believe the moon has particular affection, howl, they provoked their cries by pulling their ears violently. When these poor martyrs howled with pain, the Incas felt reassured, for they had no doubt that the moon would not remain insensible to the prayers of her friends and would make a supreme effort to get rid of the illness

which was killing her. In the twentieth century, as in the nineteenth and eighteenth and in ancient times, the same fear strikes the ignorant peoples—still, alas! so numerous upon our earth—on the occasion of an eclipse. And for a long time to come there will be men who will believe that it is very necessary to beat a drum or to strike loudly upon pots and kettles in order to deliver the orb of day from the clutches of an infernal dragon.



CAMILLE FLAMMARION



CROWD AT THE FLAMMARION STATION, ALMAZAN, SPAIN, AWAITING THE ECLIPSE. M. FLAMMARION IN THE FOREGROUND AT THE LEFT

Some Notes on the Recent Eclipse

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION

THE spectacle was not so beautiful as that of 1900, when the contrast was much greater. Then the sky was black, while the sky during the eclipse of August 30th, even at the moment of the greatest degree of darkness, was rather gray. Even the neophyte must have noticed that the corona of the sun at this eclipse was almost perfectly round. This typifies a maximum solar activity. In 1900 the corona was oblong, which indicated the minimum of solar activity. This year I distinctly saw flames protruding from the middle of the sun's disk. They were very red in color, and rose to a height of thirty thousand miles. They were composed of burning hydrogen gas. These flames sometimes rise to a height twice as great. In 1900 I distinctly noticed a double corona, but none of these flames.

Undoubtedly the great extremes of heat and cold experienced in many countries

during the year 1905 have been due to unusual solar activity. The whole phenomenon, even if not equaling that of 1900, was still of much beauty, the red flames rendering the corona green by contrast. The change of color in the sky from deep-blue in the west to a delicate pale-blue in the east, and back again as the moon passed on, was magnificent to look at. The strange light spread everywhere, across field and foliage, and many peasants, awestricken, removed their hats and stood with bowed heads, as we are accustomed to see them in the great picture of "The Angelus."

One astronomer reported that during the eclipse of 1900 he gave a pet dog, which had gone unfed for twenty-four hours, some food at the very moment of commencement of totality, and that the dog refused to eat. This year, we tried the same thing with two dogs, both of whom ate ravenously. This would seem to show that the experiment depends largely upon the appetite of the animal, and the Spanish dogs get something to eat so seldom that

it takes more than an eclipse to frighten them away from food.

Another thing that was remarkable during the eclipse was the intense cold, the thermometer dropping fifteen degrees with incredible suddenness.

I am of the opinion that I underestimate rather than exaggerate the sum expended in preparations to observe this eclipse if I

with their transportation, to be considered; then there is the transportation and the cost of maintenance of the hundreds of persons engaged in the work, and many other incidentals which are both necessary and expensive.

The great progress in the art of photography alone promises better results under favorable conditions than ever before obtained. The telescopes used grow more and more powerful, and every year of experience in these observations teaches us something new to be done, and something wrong which has been done that should have been left undone.

To study the magnetic influence of the eclipse on the earth,* M. Mascart established a magnetic station at Poissy, using instruments to show the degree of sensibility existing between the earth and the sun. Magnetic disturbances were remarked at Paris about 12:30 P.M. These disturbances penetrated the surface, affecting instruments placed thirty yards below-ground where it was thought they would be entirely safe from any such influences. The maximum magnetic disturbances occurred at six minutes before two. They lasted much longer than when the totality is shorter.

The close connection between solar and terrestrial disturbances is regarded as important, because, taken in relation with this, eclipse observations enable astronomers to form estimates of rare value.

But unfortunately, the precious moments for observation are so few that we are still unable to predict conditions with absolute accuracy. If, however, we neglect future observations simply because others in the past have proved disappointments, we can never hope to predict to people weather-conditions against which they could provide. That may come, and we may yet be able to predict temperature and weather-conditions with accuracy for a year ahead.



SKETCH BY M. FLAMMARION SHOWING CORONA AND CORONAL RAYS, MADE DURING TOTALITY OF ECLIPSE AT ALMAZAN, AUGUST 30TH

fix the amount at a million dollars. First, there is the original cost of the instruments,

*While the astronomers, with instruments pointed to the gorgeous phenomena of the heavens, were working like Trojans to make the most of the few wonderful moments vouchsafed them, physicists were no less active in determining the effect of the eclipse upon the earth. Two sets of terrestrial phenomena were of interest and importance to them—the magnetic influence of the eclipse and the lowering of the atmospheric temperature.

All magnetic data are regarded as valuable in the search for the fixed laws of meteorology, concerning which we are still much at sea.

Of the physical sciences, this, the science of the weather, is the sole remaining one concerning which there still exists in men's minds the idea that it depends upon the will and caprice of a Higher Power, instead of being governed by immutable laws instituted by a Higher Power. That is because the fixed laws of meteorology have not been discovered; and it is not generally recognized that states of the weather are the result of the action of laws quite as rigid as are those that govern other physical phenomena. To use Comte's classification, meteorology is still in the "theological" stage through which most of the sciences have long since passed, and out of which primitive condition scientists are working very hard to pull it, for the boon of exact weather-prediction would be a great one to the human race. We are still waiting some twentieth-century Kepler or Copernicus, whose fame will be all the greater when he places the science of the weather in a vacant niche among the exact sciences, for what he will discover will be of far more practical value to mankind.—EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE CONSTABLE'S MOVE



BY

W.W. JACOBS

MR. BOB GRUMMIT sat in the kitchen with his corduroy-clad legs stretched on the fender. His wife's half-eaten dinner was getting cold on the table; Mr. Grummit, who was badly in need of cheering up, emptied her half-empty glass of beer, clapped it on the table, and wiped his lips with the back of his hand.

"Come away, I tell you," he called. "D'ye hear? Come away. You'll be locked up if you don't."

He gave a little laugh at the sarcasm, and sticking his short pipe in his mouth lurched slowly to the front-room door and scowled at his wife as she lurked at the back of the window watching intently the furniture which was being carried in next door.

"Come away or else you'll be locked up," repeated Mr. Grummit. "You mustn't look at policemen's furniture; it's agin the law."

Mrs. Grummit made no reply, but, throwing appearances to the winds, stepped to the window until her nose touched, as a walnut

sideboard with beveled-glass back was tenderly borne inside under the personal supervision of Police-Constable Evans.

"They'll be 'aving a pianner next," said the indignant Mr. Grummit, peering from the depths of the room.

"They've got one," responded his wife; "there's the end of it stickin' up in the van."

Mr. Grummit advanced and regarded the end fixedly. "Did you throw all them tin cans and things into their yard wot I told you to?" he demanded.

"He picked up three of 'em while I was upstairs," replied his wife. "I 'eard 'im tell her that they'll come in handy for paint and things."

"That's 'ow coppers get on and buy pianners," said the incensed Mr. Grummit, "sneaking other people's property. I didn't tell you to throw good 'uns over, did I? Wot d'ye mean by it?"

Mrs. Grummit made no reply, but watched with bated breath the triumphal entrance of the piano. The carman set it tenderly on the narrow footpath, while P. C. Evans, stooping low, examined it at all

points, and Mrs. Evans, raising the lid, struck a few careless chords.

"Showing off," explained Mrs. Grummit, with a half turn; "and she's got fingers like carrots."

"It's a disgrace to Mulberry Gardens to 'ave a copper come and live in it," said the indignant Grummit; "and to come and live next to *me*—that's what I can't get over. To come and live next door to a man wot has been fined twice, and both times wrong. Why, for two pins I'd go in and smash 'is pianner first and 'im after it. He won't live 'ere long, you take my word for it."

"Why not?" inquired his wife.

"Why?" repeated Mr. Grummit. "Why? Why, becoss I'll make the place too 'ot to hold him. Ain't there enough houses in Tunwich without 'im a-coming and living next door to me?"

For a whole week the brain concealed in Mr. Grummit's bullet-shaped head worked in vain, and his temper got correspondingly bad. The day after the Evanses' arrival he had found his yard littered with tins which he recognized as old acquaintances, and since that time they had traveled backward and forward with monotonous regularity. They sometimes made as many as three journeys a day, and on one occasion the heavens opened to drop a battered tin bucket on the back of Mr. Grummit as he was tying his bootlace. Five minutes later he spoke of the outrage to Mr. Evans, who had come out to admire the sunset.

"I heard something fall," said the constable, eying the pail curiously.

"You threw it," said Mr. Grummit, breathing furiously.

"Me? Nonsense," said the other, easily. "I was having tea in the parlor with my wife and my mother-in-law, and my brother Joe and his young lady."

"Any more of 'em?" demanded the hapless Mr. Grummit, aghast at this list of witnesses for an alibi.

"It ain't a bad pail, if you look at it properly," said the constable. "I should keep it if I was you; unless the owner offers a reward for it. It'll hold enough water for your wants."

Mr. Grummit flung indoors and, after wasting some time concocting impossible measures of retaliation with his sympathetic partner, went off to discuss affairs with his intimates at the Bricklayers' Arms. The company, although unanimously agreeing

that Mr. Evans ought to be boiled, were miserably deficient in ideas as to the means by which such a desirable end was to be attained.

"Make 'im a laughing-stock, that's the best thing," said an elderly laborer. "The police don't like being laughed at."

"'Ow?" demanded Mr. Grummit, with some asperity.

"There's plenty o' ways," said the old man. "I should find 'em out fast enough if I 'ad a bucket dropped on my back, I know."

Mr. Grummit made a retort the feebleness of which was somewhat balanced by its ferocity, and subsided into glum silence. His back still ached, but, despite that aid to intellectual effort, the only ways he could imagine of making the constable look foolish contained an almost certain risk of hard labor for himself.

He pondered the question for a week, and meanwhile the tins—to the secret disappointment of Mr. Evans—remained untouched in his yard. For the whole of the time he went about looking, as Mrs. Grummit expressed it, as though his dinner had disagreed with him.

"I've been talking to old Bill Smith," he said, suddenly, as he came in one night.

Mrs. Grummit looked up, and noticed with wifely pleasure that he was looking almost cheerful.

"He's given me a tip," said Mr. Grummit, with a faint smile; "a copper mustn't come into a free-born Englishman's 'ouse unless he's invited."

"Wot of it?" inquired his wife. "You wasn't thinking of asking him in, was you?"

Mr. Grummit regarded her almost playfully. "If a copper comes in without being told to," he continued, "he gets into trouble for it. Now d'ye see?"

"But he won't come," said the puzzled Mrs. Grummit.

Mr. Grummit winked. "Yes, 'e will, if you scream loud enough," he retorted. "Where's the copper-stick?"

"Have you gone mad?" demanded his wife, "or do you think I 'ave?"

"You go up into the bedroom," said Mr. Grummit, emphasizing his remarks with his forefinger. "I come up and beat the bed black and blue with the copper-stick; you scream for mercy and call out 'Help!' 'Murder!' and things like that. Don't call out 'Police!' cos Bill ain't sure about that

part. Evans comes bursting in to save your life—I'll leave the door on the latch—and there you are. He's sure to get into trouble for it. Bill said so. He's made a study o' that sort o' thing."

Mrs. Grummit pondered this simple plan so long that her husband began to lose patience. At last, against her better sense, she rose and fetched the weapon in question.

"And you be careful what you're hitting,"

her mind for some months. She raked up misdemeanors that he had long since forgotten, and, not content with that, had a fling at the entire Grummit family, beginning with her mother-in-law and ending with Mr. Grummit's youngest sister. The hand that held the copper-stick itched.

"Any more to say?" demanded Mr. Grummit, advancing upon her.

Mrs. Grummit emitted a piercing shriek,



Drawn by Will Owen

MR. GRUMMIT, SUDDENLY REMEMBERING HIMSELF, STOPPED SHORT AND ATTACKED THE BED WITH EXTRAORDINARY FURY

she said, as they went upstairs to bed. "We'd better have 'igh words first, Is'pose?"

"You pitch into me with your tongue," said Mr. Grummit, amiably.

Mrs. Grummit, first listening to make sure that the constable and his wife were in the bedroom the other side of the flimsy wall, complied, and in a voice that rose gradually to a piercing falsetto told Mr. Grummit things that had been rankling in

and Mr. Grummit, suddenly remembering himself, stopped short and attacked the bed with extraordinary fury. The room resounded with the blows, and the efforts of Mrs. Grummit were a revelation even to her husband.

"I can hear 'im moving," whispered Mr. Grummit, pausing to take breath.

"Mur—der!" wailed his wife. "Help! Help!"

Mr. Grummit, changing the stick into his left hand, renewed the attack; Mrs. Grummit, whose voice was becoming exhausted, sought a temporary relief in moans.

"Is—he—deaf?" panted the wife-beater, "or wot?"

He knocked over a chair, and Mrs. Grummit contrived another frenzied scream. A loud knocking sounded on the wall.

"*Hel—lp!*" moaned Mrs. Grummit.

"Halloa, there!" came the voice of the constable. "Why don't you keep that baby quiet? We can't get a wink of sleep."

Mr. Grummit dropped the stick on the bed and turned a dazed face to his wife.

"He—he's afraid—to come in," he gasped. "Keep it up, old gal."

He took up the stick again and Mrs. Grummit did her best, but the heart had gone out of the thing, and he was about to give up the task as hopeless when the door below was heard to open with a bang.

"Here he is," cried the jubilant Grummit. "Now!"

His wife responded, and at the same moment the bedroom door was flung open, and her brother, who had been hastily fetched by the neighbors on the other side, burst into the room and with one hearty blow sent Mr. Grummit sprawling.

"Hit my sister, will you?" he roared, as the astounded Mr. Grummit rose. "Take that!"

Mr. Grummit took it, and several other favors, while his wife, tugging at her brother, endeavored to explain. It was not, however, until Mr. Grummit claimed the usual sanctuary of the defeated by refusing to rise that she could make herself heard.

"Joke?" repeated her brother, incredulously. "Joke?"

Mrs. Grummit in a husky voice explained. Her brother passed from incredulity to amazement and from amazement to mirth. He sat down gurgling, and the indignant face of the injured Grummit only added to his distress.

"Best joke I ever heard in my life," he said, wiping his eyes. "Don't look at me like that, Bob; I can't bear it."

"Get off 'ome," responded Mr. Grummit, glowering at him.

"There's a crowd outside, and half the doors in the place open," said the other. "Well, it's a good job there's no 'arm done. So long."

He passed, beaming, down the stairs, and

Mr. Grummit, drawing near the window, heard him explaining in a broken voice to the neighbors outside. Strong men patted him on the back and urged him gruffly to say what he had to say and laugh afterward. Mr. Grummit turned from the window, and in a slow and stately fashion prepared to retire for the night. Even the sudden and startling disappearance of Mrs. Grummit as she got into bed failed to move him.

"The bed's broke, Bob," she said faintly.

"Beds won't last forever," he said, shortly; "sleep on the floor."

Mrs. Grummit clambered out, and after some trouble secured the bedclothes and made up a bed in a corner of the room. In a short time she was fast asleep; but her husband, broad awake, spent the night in devising further impracticable schemes for the discomfiture of the foe next door.

He saw Mr. Evans next morning as he passed on his way to work. The constable was at the door smoking in his shirt-sleeves, and Mr. Grummit felt instinctively that he was waiting there to see him pass.

"I heard you last night," said the constable, playfully. "My word! Phew!"

"Wot's the matter with you?" demanded Mr. Grummit, stopping short.

The constable stared at him. "She has been knocking you about," he gasped. "Why, it must ha' been *you* screaming, then! I thought it sounded loud. Why don't you go and get a summons and have her locked up? I should be pleased to take her."

Mr. Grummit faced him, quivering with passion. "Wot would it cost if I set about you?" he demanded, huskily.

"Two months," said Mr. Evans, smiling serenely; "p'r'aps three."

Mr. Grummit hesitated and his fists clenched nervously. The constable, lounging against his door-post, surveyed him with a dispassionate smile. "That would be besides what you'd get from me," he said, softly.

"Come out in the road," said Mr. Grummit, with sudden violence.

"It's agin the rules," said Mr. Evans; "sorry I can't. Why not go and ask your wife's brother to oblige you?"

He went in laughing and closed the door, and Mr. Grummit, after a frenzied outburst, proceeded on his way, returning the smiles of such acquaintances as he passed with an icy stare or a strongly worded offer to make

them laugh the other side of their face. The rest of the day he spent in working so hard that he had no time to reply to the anxious inquiries of his fellow-workmen.

He came home at night glum and silent, the hardship of not being able to give Mr. Evans his deserts without incurring hard labor having weighed on his spirits all day. To avoid the annoyance of the piano next door, which was slowly and reluctantly yielding up "The Last Rose of Summer" note by note, he went out at the back, and the first thing he saw was Mr. Evans mending his path with tins and other bric-à-brac.

"Nothing like it," said the constable, looking up. "Your missus gave 'em to us this morning. A little gravel on top, and there you are."

He turned whistling to his work again, and the other, after endeavoring in vain to frame a suitable reply, took a seat on an inverted wash-tub and lit his pipe. His one hope was that Constable Evans was going to try and cultivate a garden.

The hope was realized a few days later, and Mr. Grummit at the back windows sat gloating over a dozen fine geraniums, some lobelias and calceolarias, which decorated the constable's plot of ground. He could not sleep for thinking of them.

He rose early the next morning and, after remarking to Mrs. Grummit that Mr. Evans' flowers looked as though they wanted rain, went off to his work. The cloud which had been on his spirits for some time had lifted, and he whistled as he



Drawn by Will Owen

MR. GRUMMIT FELT INSTINCTIVELY THAT HE WAS WAITING THERE TO SEE HIM PASS

walked. The sight of flowers in front windows added to his good humor.

He was still in good spirits when he left off work that afternoon, but some slight hesitation about returning home sent him to the Bricklayers' Arms instead. He stayed there until closing-time, and then, being still disinclined for home, paid a visit to Bill Smith, who lived the other side of Tunwich. By the time he started for home it was nearly midnight.

The outskirts of the town were deserted and the houses in darkness. The clock of Tunwich church struck twelve, and the last stroke was just dying away as he turned a corner and ran almost into the arms of the man he had been trying to avoid.

"Halloa!" said Constable Evans, sharply. "Here, I want a word with you."

Mr. Grummit quailed. "With me, sir?" he said, with involuntary respect.

"What nave you been doing to my flowers?" demanded the other, hotly.

"Flowers?" repeated Mr. Grummit, as though the word were new to him. "Flowers? What flowers?"

"You know well enough," retorted the constable. "You got over my fence last night and smashed all my flowers down."

"You be careful wot you're saying," urged Mr. Grummit. "Why, I love flowers. You don't mean to tell me that all them beautiful flowers wot you put in' so careful 'as been spoiled?"

"You know all about it," said the constable, choking. "I shall take out a summons against you for it."

"Ho!" said Mr. Grummit. "And wot time do you say it was when I done it?"

"Never you mind the time," said the other.

"Cos it's important," said Mr. Grummit.

"My wife's brother—the one you're so fond of—slept in my 'ouse last night. He was ill arf the night, pore chap; but, come to think of it, it'll make 'im a good witness for my innocence."

"If I wasn't a policeman," said Mr. Evans, speaking with great deliberation, "I'd take hold o' you, Bob Grummit, and I'd give you the biggest hiding you've ever had in your life."

"If you wasn't a policeman," said Mr. Grummit, yearningly, "I'd arf murder you."

The two men eyed each other wistfully, loath to part.

"If I gave you what you deserve, I should get into trouble," said the constable.

"If I gave you a quarter of wot you ought to 'ave, I should go to quod," sighed Mr. Grummit.

"I wouldn't put you there," said the constable, earnestly; "I swear I wouldn't."

"Everything's beautiful and quiet," said Mr. Grummit, trembling with eagerness, "and I wouldn't say a word to a soul. I'll take my solemn davit I wouldn't."

"When I think o' my garden—" began the constable. With a sudden movement he knocked off Mr. Grummit's cap, and then seizing him by the coat, began to hustle him along the road. In the twinkling of an eye they had closed.

Tunwich church chimed the half-hour as they finished, and Mr. Grummit, forgetting his own injuries, stood smiling at the wreck before him. The constable's helmet had

been smashed and trodden on; his uniform was torn and covered with blood and dirt, and his good looks marred for a fortnight at least. He stooped with a groan, and, recovering his helmet, tried mechanically to punch it into shape. He stuck the battered relic on his head, and Mr. Grummit fell back awed, despite himself.

"It was a fair fight," he stammered.

The constable waved him away. "Get out o' my sight before I change my mind," he said, fiercely; "and mind, if you say a word about this it'll be the worse for you."

"Do you think I've gone mad?" said the other. He took another look at his victim and, turning away, danced fantastically along the road home. The constable, making his way to a gas-lamp, began to inspect damages.

They were worse even than he had thought, and, leaning against the lamp-post, he sought in vain for an explanation that, in the absence of a prisoner, would satisfy the inspector. A button which was hanging by a thread fell tinkling onto the footpath, and he had just picked it up and placed it in his pocket when a faint and distant outcry broke upon his ears.

He turned and walked as rapidly as his condition would permit in the direction of the noise. It became louder and more imperative, and cries of "Police!" became distinctly audible. He quickened into a run, and turning a corner beheld a little knot of people standing at the gate of a large house. Other people only partially clad were hastening toward them. The constable arrived out of breath.

"Better late than never," said the owner of the house, sarcastically.

Mr. Evans, breathing painfully, supported himself with his hand on the fence.

"They went that way, but I suppose you didn't see them," continued the householder. "Halloo!" he added, as somebody opened the hall door and the constable's damaged condition became visible in the gas-light. "Are you hurt?"

"Yes," said Mr. Evans, who was trying hard to think clearly. To gain time he blew a loud call on his whistle.

"The rascals!" continued the other. "I think I should know the big chap with a beard again, but the others were too quick for me."

Mr. Evans blew his whistle again—

thoughtfully. The opportunity seemed too good to lose.

"Did they get anything?" he inquired.

"Not a thing," said the owner, triumphantly. "I was disturbed just in time."

The constable gave a slight gulp. "I saw the three running by the side of the road," he said, slowly. "Their behavior seemed

suspicious, so I collared the big one, but they set on me like wildcats. They had me down three times; the last time I laid my head open against the kerb, and when I came to my senses again they had gone."

He took off his battered helmet with a flourish and, amid a murmur of sympathy, displayed a nasty cut on his head. A sergeant and a constable, both running, appeared round the corner and made toward them.

"Get back to the station and make your report," said the former, as Constable Evans, in a somewhat defiant voice, repeated his story. "You've done your best; I can see that."

Mr. Evans, enacting to perfection the part of a wounded hero, limped painfully off, praying devoutly as he went that the criminals might make good their escape. If not, he reflected that the word of a policeman was at least equal to that of three burglars.

He repeated his story at the station, and, after having his head dressed, was sent home and advised to keep himself quiet for a day or two. He was off duty for four days, and, the Tunwich "Gazette" having devoted a column to the affair, headed "A Gallant Constable," modestly secluded himself from the public gaze for the whole of that time.

To Mr. Grummit, who had read the article in question until he could have repeated it backward, this modesty was particularly trying. The constable's yard was deserted and the front door ever closed. Once Mr. Grummit even went so far as to tap with his nails on the front parlor window, and the only response was the sudden lowering of the blind. It was not until a week afterward that his eyes were gladdened by a sight of the constable sitting in his yard; and fearing that



Drawn by Will Owen

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE THEY HAD CLOSED

even then he might escape him, he ran out on tiptoe and put his face over the fence before the latter was aware of his presence.

"Wot about that 'ere burglary?" he demanded, truculently.

"Good evening, Grummit," said the constable, with a patronizing air.

"Wot about that burglary?" repeated



Drawn by Will Owen

HE TOOK OFF HIS BATTERED HELMET AND DISPLAYED A NASTY CUT ON HIS HEAD

Mr. Grummit, with a scowl. "I don't believe you ever saw a burglar."

Mr. Evans rose and stretched himself gracefully. "You'd better run indoors, my good man," he said slowly.

"Telling all them lies about burglars," continued the indignant Mr. Grummit, producing his newspaper and waving it. "Why, I gave you that black eye, I smashed your 'elmet, I cut your silly 'ead open, I—"

"You've been drinking," said the other, severely.

"You mean to say I didn't?" demanded Mr. Grummit, ferociously.

Mr. Evans came closer and eyed him steadily. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said, calmly.

Mr. Grummit, about to speak, stopped appalled at such hardihood.

"Of course, if you mean to say that you were one o' them burglars," continued the constable, "why, say it and I'll take you with pleasure. Come to think of it, I did seem to remember one o' their voices."

Mr. Grummit, with his eyes fixed on the other's, backed a couple of yards and breathed heavily.

"About your height, too, he was," mused

the constable. "I hope for your sake you haven't been saying to anybody else what you said to me just now."

Mr. Grummit shook his head. "Not a word," he faltered.

"That's all right, then," said Mr. Evans. "I shouldn't like to be hard on a neighbor; not that we shall be neighbors much longer."

Mr. Grummit, feeling that a reply was expected of him, gave utterance to a feeble "Oh!"

"No," said Mr. Evans, looking round disparagingly. "It ain't good enough for us now; I was promoted to sergeant this morning. A sergeant can't live in a common place like this."

Mr. Grummit, a prey to a sickening fear, drew near the fence again. "A—a sergeant?" he stammered.

Mr. Evans smiled and gazed carefully at a distant cloud. "For my bravery with them burglars the other night, Grummit," he said, modestly. "I might have waited years if it hadn't been for them."

He nodded to the frantic Grummit and turned away; Mr. Grummit, without any adieu at all, turned and crept back to the house.

The Way of an Indian

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

I

WHITE OTTER'S OWN SHADOW



WHITE OTTER'S heart was bad. He sat alone on the rim-rocks of the bluffs overlooking the sunlit valley. To an unaccustomed eye from below he might have been a part of nature's freaks among the sand rocks. The yellow grass sloped away from his feet mile after mile to the timber, and beyond that to the prismatic mountains. The variegated lodges of the Chis-chis-chash village dotted the plain near the sparse woods of the creek-bottom; pony herds stood quietly waving their tails against the flies or were driven hither and yon by the herdboys—giving variety to the tremendous sweep of the Western landscape.

This was a day of peace—such as only comes to the Indians in contrast to the fierce troubles which nature stores up for the other intervals. The enemy, the pinch of the shivering famine, and the Bad Gods were absent, for none of these things care to show themselves in the white light of a midsummer's day. There was peace with all the world except with him. He was in a fierce dejection over the things which had come to him, or those which had passed him by. He was a boy—a fine-looking, skillfully modeled youth—as beautiful a thing, doubtless, as God ever created in His sense of form; better than his sisters, better than the four-foots, or the fishes, or the birds, and he meant so much more than the inanimate things, in so far as we can see. He had the body given to him and he wanted to keep it, but there were the mysterious demons of the darkness, the wind and the flames; there were the monsters from the shadows, and from under the waters; there were the machinations of his enemies, which he was not proof against alone, and there was yet the strong hand of the Good God, which had not been offered as yet to help him on with the simple things

of life; the women, the beasts of the fields, the ponies and the war-bands. He could not even protect his own shadow, which was his other and higher self.

His eyes dropped on the grass in front of his moccasins—tiny dried blades of yellow grass, and underneath them he saw the dark traceries of their shadows. Each had its own little shadow—its soul—its changeable thing—its other life—just as he himself was cut blue-black beside himself on the sandstone. There were millions of these grass-blades, and each one shivered in the wind, maundering to itself in the chorus, which made the prairie sigh, and all for fear of a big brown buffalo wandering by, which would bite them from the earth and destroy them.

White Otter's people had been strong warriors in the Chis-chis-chash; his father's shirt and leggings were black at the seams with the hair of other tribes. He, too, had stolen ponies, but had done no better than that thus far, while he burned to keep the wolf-totem red with honor. Only last night, a few of his boy companions, some even younger than himself, had gone away to the Absaroke for glory and scalps, and ponies and women—a war-party—the one thing to which an Indian pulsed with his last drop.

He had thought to go also, but his father had discouraged him, and yesterday presented him with charcoal-ashes in his right hand, and two juicy buffalo-ribs with his left. He had taken the charcoal. His father said it was good—that it was not well for a young man to go to the enemy with his shadow uncovered before the Bad Gods.

Now his spirits raged within his tightened belly, and the fierce Indian brooding had driven him to the rim-rock, where his soul rocked and pounced within him. He looked at the land of his people, and he hated all vehemently, with a rage that nothing stayed but his physical strength.

Old Big Hair, his father, sitting in the shade of his tepee, looked out across at his son on the far-off sky-line, and he hid his head in his blanket as he gazed into his

medicine-pouch. "Keep the enemy and the Bad Gods from my boy; he has no one to protect him but you, my medicine."

Thus hour after hour there sat the motionless tyro, alone with his own shadow on the hill. The shades of all living nature grew great and greater with the declining sun. The young man saw it with satisfaction. His heart swelled with brave thoughts, as his own extended itself down the hillside—now twenty feet long—now sixty—until the western sun was cut by the bluffs, when it went out altogether. The shadow of White Otter had been eaten up by the shadow of the hill. He knew now that he must go to the westward—to the western mountains, to the Inyan-kara, where in the deep recesses lay the shadows which had eaten his. They were calling him, and as the sun sank to rest, White Otter rose slowly, drew his robe around him, and walked away from the Chis-chis-chash camp.

The split sticks in Big Hair's lodge snapped and spit gleams of light on the old warrior as he lay back on his resting-mat. He was talking to his sacred symbols. "Though he sleeps very far off, though he sleeps even on the other side, a spirit is what I use to keep him. Make the bellies of animals full which would seek my son; make the wolf and the bear and the panther go out of their way. Make the buffalo herds to split around my son, Good God! Be strong to keep the Bad God back, and all his demons—lull them to sleep while he passes; lull them with soft sounds."

And the Indian began a dolorous chanting, which he continued throughout the night. The lodge-fires died down in the camp, but the muffled intone came in a hollow sound from the interior of the tepee until the spirit of silence was made more sure, and sleep came over the bad and good together.

Across the gray-greens of the moonlit plains bobbed and flitted the dim form of the seeker of God's help.

Now among the dark shadows of the pines, now in the gray sage-brush, lost in the coulees, but ceaselessly on and on, wound this figure of the night. The wolves sniffed along on the trail, but came no nearer.

All night long he pursued his way, his muscles playing tirelessly to the demands of a mind as taut as bowstring.

Before the morning he had reached the Inyan-kara, a sacred place, and begun to ascend its pine-clad slopes. It had repulsion for White Otter, it was sacred—full of strange beings not to be approached except in the spiritual way, which was his on this occasion, and thus he approached it. To this place the shadows had retired, and he was pursuing them. He was in mortal terror—every tree spoke out loud to him; the dark places gave back groans, the night-winds swooped upon him, whispering their terrible fears. The great underground wildcat meowed from the slopes, the red-winged moon-birds shrilled across the sky, and the stone giants from the cliffs rocked and sounded back to White Otter, until he cried aloud:

"O Good God, come help me. I am White Otter. All the bad are thick around me; they have stolen my shadow; now they will take me, and I shall never go across to live in the shadow-land. Come to White Otter, O Good God!"

A little brown bat whirled round and round the head of the terror-stricken Indian, saying: "I am from God, White Otter. I am come to you direct from God. I will take care of you. I have your shadow under my wings. I can fly so fast and crooked that no one can catch up with me. No arrow can catch me, no bullet can find me, in my tricky flight. I have your shadow and I will fly about so fast that the spirit-wildcats and the spirit-birds and the stone giants cannot come up with me or your shadow, which I carry under my wings. Sit down here in the dark place under the cliffs and rest. Have no fear."

White Otter sat him down as directed, muffled in his robe. "Keep me safe, do not go away from me, ye little brown bat. I vow to keep you all my life, and to take you into the shadow-land hereafter, if ye will keep me from the demons now, O little brown bat!" And so praying, he saw the sky pale in the east as he lay down to sleep. Then he looked all around for his little brown bat, which was no more to be seen.

The daylight brought quiescence to the fasting man, and he sank back, blinking his hollow eyes at his shadow beside him. Its possession lulled him, and he paid the debt of nature, lying quietly for a long time.

Consciousness returned slowly. The hot sun beat on the fevered man, and he moved uneasily. To his ears came the far-away



Drawn by Frederic Remington

HE LOOKED ON THE LAND OF HIS PEOPLE AND HE HATED ALL VEHEMENTLY

beat of a tom-tom, growing nearer and nearer until it mixed with the sound of bells and the hail-like rattle of gourds. Soon he heard the breaking of sticks under the feet of approaching men, and from under the pines a long procession of men appeared—but they were shadows, like water, and he could see the landscape beyond them. They were spirit-men. He did not stir. The moving retinue came up, breaking now into the slow side-step of the ghost-dance, and around the form of White Otter gathered these people of the other world. They danced "the Crazy Dance" and sang, but the dull orbs of the faster gave no signs of interest.

"He-eye, he-eye! we have come for you—come to take you to the shadow-land. You will live on a rocky island, where there are no ponies, no women, no food, White Otter. You have no medicine, and the Good God will not protect you. We have come for you—hi-ya, hi-ya, hi-yah!"

"I have a medicine," replied White Otter. "I have the little brown bat which came from God."

"He-eye, he-eye! Where is your little brown bat? You do not speak the truth—you have no little brown bat from God. Come with us, White Otter." With this one of the spirit-men strode forward and seized White Otter, who sprang to his feet to grapple with him. They clinched and strained for the mastery, White Otter and the camp-soldier of the spirit-people.

"Come to me, little brown bat," shouted the resisting savage, but the ghostly crowd yelled, "Your little brown bat will not come to you, White Otter."

Still he fought successfully with the spirit-soldier. He strained and twisted, now felling the ghost, now being felled in turn, but they staggered again to their feet. Neither was able to conquer. Hour after hour he resisted the taking of his body from off the earth to be deposited on the inglorious desert island in the shadow-land. At times he grew exhausted and seemed to lie still under the spirit's clutches, but reviving, continued the struggle with what energy he could summon. The westering sun began lengthening the shadows on the Inyan-kara, and with the cool of evening his strength began to revive. Now he fought the ghost with renewed spirit, calling from time to time on his medicine-bat, till at last when all the shadows had merged

and gone together, with a whirl came the little brown bat, crying "Na-hoin [I come]."

Suddenly all the ghost-people flew away, scattering over the Inyan-kara, screaming, "Hoho, hoho, hoho!" and White Otter sat up on his robe.

The stone giants echoed in clattering chorus, the spirit-birds swished through the air with the whis-s-s-ting noise, and the whole of the bad demons came back to prowl, since the light had left the world, and they were no longer afraid. They all sought to circumvent the poor Indian, but the little brown bat circled around and around his head, and he kept saying: "Come to me, little brown bat. Let White Otter put his hand on you; come to my hand."

But the bat said nothing, though it continued to fly around his head. He waved his arms widely at it, trying to reach it. With a fortunate sweep it struck his hand, his fingers clutched around it, and as he drew back his arm he found his little brown bat dead in the vise-like grip. White Otter's medicine had come to him.

Folding himself in his robe, and still grasping the symbol of the Good God's protection, he lay down to sleep. The stone giants ceased their clamors, and all the world grew still. White Otter was sleeping.

In his dreams came the voice of God, saying: "I have given it, given you the little brown bat. Wear it always on your scalp-lock, and never let it away from you for a moment. Talk to it, ask of it all manner of questions, tell it the secrets of your shadow-self, and it will take you through battle so fast that no arrow or bullet can hit you. It will steal you away from the spirits which haunt the night. It will whisper to you concerning the intentions of the women, and your enemies, and it will make you wise in the council when you are older. If you adhere to it and follow its dictation, it will give you the white hair of old age on this earth, and bring you to the shadow-land when your turn comes."

The next day when the sun had come again, White Otter walked down the mountain, and at the foot met his father with ponies and buffalo-meat. The old man had followed on his trail, but had gone no farther.

"I am strong now, father. I can protect my body and my shadow—the Good God has come to Wo-pe-ni-in."

Drawn by Frederic Remington

THE WOLVES SNIPPED ALONG ON THE TRAIL, BUT CAME NO NEARER





Drawn by Frederic Remington

"O GRAY WOLF OF MY CLAN—SHALL WE HAVE FORTUNE?"

II

THE BROWN BAT PROVES ITSELF

Big Hair and his son, White Otter, rode home slowly, back through the coulees and the pines and the sage-brush to the camp of the Chis-chis-chash. The squaws took their ponies when they came to their lodge.

Days of listless longing followed the journey to the Inyan-kara in search of the offices of the Good God, and the worn body and fevered mind of White Otter recovered their normal placidity. The red warrior on his resting-mat sinks in a torpor which a sunning mud-turtle on a log only hopes to attain to, but he stores up energy, which must sooner or later find expression in the most extended physical effort.

Thus during the days did White Otter eat and sleep, or lie under the cottonwoods by the creek with his chum, the boy Red Arrow—lying together on the same robe and dreaming as boys will, and talking also, as is the wont of youth, about the things which make a man. They both had their medicine—they were good hunters, whom the camp soldiers allowed to accompany the parties in the buffalo-surround. They both had a few ponies, which they had stolen from the Absaroke hunters the preceding autumn, and which had given them a certain boyish distinction in the camp. But their eager minds yearned for the time to come when they should do the deed which would allow them to pass from the boy to the warrior stage, before which the Indian is in embryo.

Betaking themselves off to deserted places, they each consulted his own medicine. White Otter had skinned and dried and tanned the skin of the little brown bat, and covered it with gaudy porcupine decorations. This he had tied to his carefully cultivated scalplock, where it switched in the passing breeze. People in the camp were beginning to say "the little brown bat boy" as he passed them by.

But their medicine conformed to their wishes, as an Indian's medicine mostly has to do, so that they were promised success in their undertaking.

Old Big Hair, who sat blinking, knew that the inevitable was going to happen, but he said no word. He did not advise or admonish. He doted on his son, and did

not want him killed, but that was better than no eagle-plume.

Still the boys did not consult their relatives in the matter, but on the appointed evening neither turned up at the ancestral tepee, and Big Hair knew that his son had gone out into the world to win his feather. Again he consulted the medicine-pouch and sang dolorously to lull the spirits of the night as his boy passed him on his war-trail.

Having traveled over the table-land and through the pines for a few miles, White Otter stopped, saying: "Let us rest here. My medicine says not to go farther, as there is danger ahead. The demons of the night are waiting for us beyond, but my medicine says that if we build a fire the demons will not come near, and in the morning they will be gone."

They made a small fire of dead pine sticks and sat around it wrapped in the skins of the gray wolf, with the head and ears of that fearful animal capping theirs—uneasily enough to frighten even the monsters of the night.

Old Big Hair had often told his son that he would send him out with some war-party under a chief who well knew how to make war, and with a medicine-man whose war-medicine was strong; but no war-party was going then and youth has no time to waste in waiting. Still, he did not fear pursuit.

Thus the two human wolves sat around the snapping sticks, eating their dried buffalo-meat.

"To-morrow, Red Arrow, we will make the war-medicine. I must find a gray spider, which I am to kill, and then if my medicine says go on, I am not afraid, for it came direct from the Good God, who told me I should live to wear white hair."

"Yes," replied Red Arrow, "we will make the medicine. We do not know the mysteries of the great war-medicine, but I feel sure that my own is strong to protect me. I shall talk to a wolf. We shall find a big gray wolf, and if as we stand still on the plain he circles us completely around, we can go on, and the Gray Horned Thunder-Being and the Great Pipe-Bearing Wolf will march on our either side. But if the wolf does not circle us, I do not know what to do. Old Bear-Walks-at-Right, who is the strongest war-medicine-maker in the Chis-chis-chash, says that when the Gray Horned Thunder-Being goes

with a war-party, they are sure of counting their enemies' scalps, but when the Pipe-Bearing Wolf also goes, the enemy cannot strike back, and the Wolf goes only with the people of our clan."

Thus the young men talked to each other, and the demons of the night joined in their conversation from among the tree-tops, but got no nearer because the fire shot words of warning up to them, and the hearts of the boys were strong to watch the contest and bear it bravely.

With the first coming of light they started on—seeking the gray spider and the gray wolf. After much searching through the rotting branches of the fallen trees, White Otter was heard calling to Red Arrow: "Come! Here is the gray spider, and as I kill him, if he contains blood I shall go on, but if he does not contain blood my medicine says there is great danger, and we must not go on."

Over the spider stooped the two seekers of truth, while White Otter got the spider on the body of the log, where he crushed it with his bow. The globular insect burst into a splash of blood, and the young savage threw back his shoulders with a haughty grunt, saying, "My medicine is strong—we shall go to the middle of the Absaroke village," and Red Arrow gave him muttered assent.

"Now we must find a wolf," continued Red Arrow, and they betook themselves through the pines to the open plains, White Otter following him but a step in rear.

In that day wolves were not hard to find in the buffalo country, as they swarmed around the herds and they had no enemies. Red Arrow arrogated to himself the privilege of selecting the wolf. Scanning the expanse, it was not long before their sharp eyes detected ravens hovering over a depression in the plain, but the birds did not swoop down. They knew that there was a carcass there and wolves, otherwise the birds would not hover, but drop down. Quickly they made their way to the place, and as they came in range they saw the body of a half-eaten buffalo surrounded by a dozen wolves. The wolves betook themselves slowly off, with many wistful looks behind, but one in particular, more lately arrived at the feast, lingered in the rear.

Selecting this one, Red Arrow called: "O gray wolf of my clan, answer me this question. White Otter and I are going to

the Absaroke for scalps—shall we have fortune, or is the Absaroke medicine too strong?"

The wolf began to circle as Red Arrow approached it and the buffalo carcass. Slowly it trotted off to his left hand, whereat the anxious warrior followed slowly.

"Tell me, pretty wolf, shall White Otter's and my scalps be danced by the Absaroke? Do the enemy see us coming now—do they feel our presence?" And the wolf trotted around still to the left.

"Come, brother. Red Arrow is of your clan. Warn me, if I must go back." And as the Indian turned, yet striding after the beast, it continued to go away from him, but kept an anxious eye on the dead buffalo meanwhile.

"Do not be afraid, gray wolf; I would not rise my arm to strike. See, I have laid my bow on the ground. Tell me not to fear the Absaroke, gray wolf, and I promise to kill a fat buffalo-cow for you when we meet again."

The wolf had nearly completed his circle by this time, and once again his follower spoke.

"Do you fear me because of the skin of the dead wolf you see by my bow on the ground? No, Red Arrow did not kill thy brother. He was murdered by a man of the dog clan, and I did not do it. Speak to me—help me against my fears." And the wolf barked as he trotted around until he had made a complete circle of the buffalo, whereat Red Arrow took up his bow and bundle, saying to White Otter, "Now we will go."

The two then commenced their long quest in search of the victims which were to satisfy their ambitions. They followed up the depression in the plains where they had found the buffalo, gained the timber, and walked all day under its protecting folds. They were a long way from their enemies' country, but instinctively began the cautious advance which is the wild-animal nature of an Indian.

The old buffalo-bulls, elk and deer fled from before them as they marched. A magpie mocked at them. They stopped while White Otter spoke harshly to it: "You laugh at us, fool-bird, because we are boys, but you shall see when we come back that we are warriors. We will have a scalp to taunt you with. Begone now, before I pierce you with an arrow, you chattering

Drawn by Frederic Remington

"PRETTY MOTHER OF THE NIGHT—WHITE OTTER IS NO LONGER A BOY"



woman-bird." And the magpie fluttered away before the unwonted address.

In the late afternoon they saw a band of wolves pull down and kill a fawn, and ran to it, saying, "See, the Pipe-Bearing Wolf is with us; he makes the wolves to hunt for us of his clan," and they despoiled the prey.

Coming to a shallow creek, they took off their moccasins and waded down it for a mile, when they turned into a dry water-course, which they followed up for a long distance, and then stopped in some thick brush which lined its sides. They sat long together on the edge of the bushes, scanning with their piercing eyes the sweep of the plains, but nothing was there to rouse their anxiety. The wild animals were feeding peacefully, the sun sank to rest, and no sound came to them but the cry of the night-birds.

When it was quite dark, they made a small fire in the depths of the cut, threw a small quantity of tobacco into it as a sacrifice, cooked the venison and went to sleep.

It was more than mere extension of interest with them; it was more than ambition's haughtiest fight; it was the sun-dried, wind-shriveled, tried-out atavistic blood-thirst made holy by the approval of the Good God they knew.

The miniature war-party got at last into the Absaroke country. Before them lay a big camp—the tepees scattering down the creek-bottom for miles, until lost at a turn of the timber. Eagerly they studied the cut and sweep of the land, the way the tepees dotted it, the moving of the pony herds and the coming and going of the hunters, but most of all the mischievous wanderings of the restless Indian boys. Their telescopic eyes penetrated everything. They understood the movements of their foes, for they were of kindred nature with their own.

Their buffalo-meat was almost gone, and it was dangerous to kill game now for fear of attracting the ravens, which would circle overhead and be seen from the camp. These might attract an investigation from idle and adventurous boys and betray them.

"Go now; your time has come," said the little brown bat on White Otter's scalplock.

"Go now," echoed Red Arrow's charm.

When nothing was to be seen of the land but the twinkle of the fires in the camp, they

were lying in a deep washout under a bluff, which overlooked the hostile camp. Long and silently they sat watching the fires and the people moving about, hearing their hum and chanting as it came to them on the still air, together with the barking of dogs, the nickering of ponies, and the hollow pounding on a log made by old squaws hacking with their hatchets.

Slowly before the drowse of darkness, the noises quieted and the fires died down. Red Arrow felt his potent symbols whispering to him.

"My medicine is telling me what to do, White Otter."

"What does it say?"

"It says that there is a dangerous mystery in the blue-and-yellow tepee at the head of the village. It tells me to have great care," replied Red Arrow.

"Hough, my medicine says go on; I am to be a great warrior," replied White Otter.

After a moment Red Arrow exclaimed: "My medicine says go with White Otter, and do what he says. It is good."

"Come, then; we will take the war-ponies from beside the blue-and-yellow tepee. They belong to a chief and are good. We will strike an Absaroke if we can. Come with me." White Otter then glided forward in the darkness toward the camp. When quite near, they waited for a time to allow the dogs to be still, and when they ceased to tongue, they again approached with greater caution.

Slowly, so as not to disturb the animals of the Indians, they neared the blue-and-yellow tepee, squatting low to measure its gloom against the sky-line. They were among the picketed ponies, and felt them all over carefully with their hands. They found the clip-maned war-ponies and cut the ropes. The Indian dogs made no trouble, as they walked their booty very slowly and very quietly away, as though they wandered in search of food. When well out of hearing, they sprang on their backs and circled back to the creek-bottom.

Nearing this, they heard the occasional inharmonious notes of an Indian flute-horn among the trees. Instantly they recognized it as an Indian lover calling for his sweetheart to come out from the lodges to him.

"Hold the ponies, Red Arrow. My medicine tells me to strike," and White Otter slid from his horse. He passed

among the tepees at the end of the village, then quickly approached the direction of the noise of the flute.

The lover heard his approaching footsteps, for White Otter walked upright until the notes stopped, when he halted to await their renewal. Again the impatient gallant called from the darkness to his hesitating one, and our warrior advanced with bared knife in one hand, and bow in the other with an arrow notched.

When quite near, the Absaroke spoke in his own language, but White Otter, not understanding, made no reply, though advancing rapidly. Alas for the surging blood which burns a lover's head, for his quick advance to White Otter discovered for him nothing until, with a series of lightning-like stabs, the knife tore its way into his vitals—once, twice, three times, when, with a wild yell, he sank under his deluded infatuation.

He doubtless never knew, but his yell had found its response from the camp. Feeling quickly, White Otter wound his hand among the thick black hair of his victim's head, and though it was his first, he made no bad work of the severance of the prize, whereat he ran fast to his chum. Attracted by the noise, Red Arrow rode up, and they were mounted. Cries and yells and barking came from the tepees, but silently they loped away from the confusion—turning into the creek, blinding the trail in the water for a few yards and regaining the hills from a much-tracked-up pony and buffalo crossing. Over the bluffs and across the hills they made their way, until they no longer heard the sounds of the camp behind them.

Filled with a great exultation, they trotted and loped along until the moon came up, when White Otter spoke for the first time, addressing it: "Pretty Mother of the Night—time of the little brown bat's flight—see what I have done. White Otter is no longer a boy." Then to his pony: "Go on quickly now, pretty little war-pony. You are strong to carry me. Do not lame yourself in the dog-holes. Carry me back to the Chis-chis-chash, and I promise the Mother of the Night, now and here, where you can hear me speak, that you shall never carry any man but White Otter, and that only in war."

For three days and nights they rode as

rapidly as the ponies could travel, resting an hour here and there to refresh themselves. Gradually relaxing after this, they assumed the fox-trot of the plains pony; but they looked many times behind and doubled often in their trail.

Seeing a band of wolves around a buffalo bull which was fighting them off, they rode up and shot arrows into it—the sacrifice to the brother of the clan who had augured for them. Red Arrow affected to recognize his old acquaintance in the group.

As they rode on, White Otter spoke: "I shall wear the eagle-feather standing up in my scalplock, for I struck him with a hand-weapon standing up. It shall wave above the bat and make him strong. The little brown bat will be very brave in the time to come. We took the clipped and painted war-ponies from under the chief's nose, Red Arrow."

"Yes, I did that—but my medicine grew weak when it looked at the great camp of the Absaroke. Your medicine was very strong, White Otter; there is no old warrior in the Chis-chis-chash whose is stronger. I shall take the charcoal again, and see if the Good God won't strengthen my medicine."

Time brought the victors in sight of their village, which had moved meanwhile, and it was late in the evening.

"Stay here with the ponies, Red Arrow, and I will go into my father's lodge and get red paint for us. We will not enter until to-morrow."

So White Otter stole into his own tepee by night—told his father of his triumph—got a quantity of vermilion and returned to the hills. When he and Red Arrow had bedaubed themselves and their ponies most liberally, they wrapped the scalp to a lance which he had brought out, then moved slowly forward in the morning light on their jaded ponies to the village, yelling the long, high notes of the war-whoop. The people ran out to see them come, many young men riding to meet them. The yelling procession came to the masses of the people, who shrilled in answer, the dogs ki-yied, and old trade-guns boomed. White Otter's chin was high, his eyes burned with a devilish light through the red paint, as he waved the lance slowly, emitting from time to time above the din his battle-cry.

It was thus that White Otter became a man.

(To be continued)

Separation of Church and State in France

The Ultimate Effects Discussed from the Government Standpoint by Senator Clémenceau, and from That of the Church and Aristocracy by the Marquis de Castellane

Introduction

BY GEORGE H. CASAMAJOR



THE American reader has some difficulty, perhaps, in comprehending the present religious crisis in France because the state under which he exists has little or no continuity with the institutions of the past. We began our political housekeeping, so to speak, in a brand-new mansion with all modern improvements and furniture, and it is not filled with lumbering material, accumulation of the ages, which is obviously in the way, yet, for sentimental or other reasons, we find it difficult to part with. When the French people, thirty-five years ago, attempted to set up a real republic, they were so hampered by the connection with the past that the best they could do was to found a cluttered-up, semi-monarchical institution which long ago they realized was an uncomfortable thing to live under, and which they are now trying very hard to get into workable shape.

Probably no one thing has contributed more to the present condition of the most enlightened nations than a clear recognition of the principle that an absolute separation must exist between what belongs to the history of opinion and what concerns the history of government. It is impossible to give in few words any idea of the intimate relations between Church and State in Catholic Europe that existed through the Middle Ages and into modern times. There were long quarrels between the French kings and the popes, the latter—besides being temporal sovereigns—attempting to uphold the moral order, the former jealous always of papal interference and claiming privileges in Church jurisdiction. Much of the resulting entanglement was cleared away by the famous Concordat between Napoleon and the unlucky Pius VII, but the government still retained, among other things, rights in the appointment and movements of some of the bishops which Leo XIII attempted to ignore. The consequences were disastrous to the Catholic Church in France. With all the great pontiff's tact and diplomacy it must be admitted that he failed utterly in dealing with the French republic. The present pope has seen fit to continue his predecessor's policy until now a bill to abolish the Concordat, and separate Church and State, has passed the French Chamber.

Over this issue the conservative element in France is wringing its hands, the liberals are rejoicing. In order that the COSMOPOLITAN's readers may view the situation from both sides, a distinguished representative of each has been asked to sum up his ideas of the ultimate effect of the step. Senator Clémenceau, the liberal, paints a very different picture from that of the orthodox Marquis de Castellane. The impartial reader may draw his own conclusions. He will not lose sight of the fact, however, that the great destructive achievements of modern civilization—the decay of superstition, the cessation of religious persecution, the secularization of politics, industry, literature and art and the decline of the martial spirit—have been brought about through the evolution of the reason and not by any change in the emotional nature or the human passions. The gradual retirement of dogmatic belief as a part of the outer life into the sphere of the inner has settled the status of religious opinion as a matter of the individual conscience. Therefore it is fair to put the question squarely whether the step the French government has just taken will in the end mean "liberty," as Senator Clémenceau says, or spell "anarchy," according to the Marquis de Castellane.

I

The Government View

BY GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU

of the French Senate

I am asked to deal briefly for the great American public with the question, "Why ought France to effect the separation of Church and State?"

And at the very moment when I formulate the problem in black and white, it occurs to me that it would to Americans seem much more natural if one asked, "What is the reason why we have not up till now separated the Church from the State?" For a people that has in so striking a manner developed all the constitutive elements of social order, in absolutelibrary of religious conscience, may have some difficulty in understanding how the ancient peoples of Europe, authors of civilization, still cling to old traditions that often enough sorely confine liberty in the narrow grooves of antiquated prejudices.

The social organism and laws of Europe bear the same contrasts to those of America as the historic cities of the Old World do to the modern ones of the New—the former urban agglomerations, displaying constructions having no utility at the present day, but often altered to modern conditions at the sacrifice of the original plan; the latter built on lines of elementary sim-

plicity, looking solely to the greatest commodity of the inhabitants. Between Europe and America we see the same contrasts in institutions as in cities. Your destiny was to work freely on a cleared and open field at an epoch when the chief data of modern society were already being evolved. You have begun afresh, from one end to another, whereas the old European nations continued to work on the ancient foundations, lopping, and patching up the shreds of discredited institutions, completing them with new portions more or less adapted to the purpose.

A similar heritage came to you, I know, from the old laws of England. But, being good innovators, while not despising the respectable traditions of olden days, you have boldly traced out your own route—a very modern route—through the noble debris of the past. In the matter of religious liberty, your work was the more deserving as your great Puritan ancestors, beginning with the "blue laws" of New England, thought to found their ideal society on

an absolute confusion in the political and religious arenas. But into this very religious arena itself, Reform had brought her fertile seed of the New World—liberty, and with your care the little grain pushed down its timid roots, and spread out toward the sky a frail stem from among the wild rocks of New England. A century and more has passed since then, and now the tree extends its majestic branches over an immense civilized continent.



*Compliments aux lecteurs du
Courrier du
Clémenceau*

Liberty in the arena of religion, according to the spirit of Reform, leads as a natural corollary to liberty in the political arena. I do not need to tell you what you have done in this respect. But when you turn to us to ask us why we wish to separate the Church from the State, it is enough if we reply to you, "In order to be free like you—completely free in every sense of the feeling and the thought."

When I have said this, I have in truth said all. If you still wish to know why this idea did not come to the imaginations of our people sooner, I remark that with the Catholic nations liberty did not issue from the religious arena to invade more or less slowly the political arena, as has happened among Protestant nations. Wherever the power of Rome has been maintained in its full sovereignty, it has been the contrary—namely, issuing from the political sphere, liberty has sought to conquer the religious. Judge, then, what confusion results when in the Roman Catholic edifice we find politics and religious belief closely bound together.

The whole history of the Roman Catholic Church, every decisive utterance of the popes which has given it its life-strength and its machinery, and every act which has been the consequence thereof, have shown it to be the greatest establishment for universal domination that man has been able to conceive and to realize. I do not undertake to judge it here—to speak either of its weakness or its strength. The only thing I am here concerned in noting is that it is a church of authority, whereas the Protestant Church sprang from the protests of liberty. The Catholic organization of Rome is a pure theocracy, whereas the Protestant organization is, if I may use the word, an *anthropocracy*. God governs man by priests in the one case; while in the other man governs himself at his own risk and peril in this world and in the next.

Do you understand now, my American friends, why we have had so much trouble to free ourselves? Remember that there is no fundamental question of the political or social system of all times and of all countries for which the Roman Catholic Church has not a solution—all cut and ready, setting aside all others as incompatible with its dogma. In the Syllabus, the official code of the Church, you will find haughtily condemned in the most for-

mal terms both "liberty of conscience," which Gregory XVI called a "delirium," and liberalism and modern civilization, with which it is written that the Church can never reconcile itself. It goes without saying that the separation of Church and State is equally repudiated therein, since Church and State should be closely united—the State being subordinate—in order to bar the way to "liberty of error," which threatens that "liberty of truth" of which the Church is the unique depository.

Do I need to insist on the consequences? You see the Roman cardinals taking their place in public ceremonies before ministers of the French Republic in order to show the inferiority of civil power; you find the Church trying to forestall and to monopolize public instruction and working by the power of the Church against all attempts at private instruction, which are condemned beforehand to failure if the State does not lend its aid. The theocratic authority is propagated by the Roman Catholic school, just as liberty is by the democratic school of America. Do not take it that in my opinion the American Catholic schools are not capable of making good citizens. No. Wherever the Catholic Church is in a minority, it is condemned by that simple fact to demand liberty, to live by it, and propagate it by a doctrine of compromise between its own ideal absolutism and the practices to which the necessities of time and place force it. Thus in France at the present time the Church is continually demanding liberty (condemned of all the encyclicals), while fighting step by step for its ancient State privileges, which meant money, official prestige and power.

The French Chamber has just voted a bill for the separation which has been submitted to the Senate. By it the Churches, which are the property of the communes and of the State, are left to the cult. All property allocated by donors to the exercise of religion (sixty million dollars) is transferred to the religious societies which will be founded voluntarily. And the eight million four hundred thousand dollars of salaries of the clergy, which will in two years be suppressed, are to be transformed into life-pensions, the total amount of which for the first year will be seven million dollars. And Rome talks of persecution! As for me, I say that we are seeking painfully and by grievous ways for liberty.

II

The Orthodox, Conservative View**BY MARQUIS DE CASTELLANE**

Old nations are like old trees: they will not bear transplanting. Change the earth in which they have flourished, submit them to cold when they have been used to warmth, or to heat when they have been used to cold, and you will soon see them droop and assume a faded appearance most disquieting for those who have admired and tended them.

The condition of France to-day resembles that of an old tree which has been uprooted and replanted in a strange soil. It droops under the treatment of men who, more revolutionary than wise, seek by separating the Church from the State to destroy the conditions under which the country has flourished.

For fourteen hundred years (*longi devi spatium!*) the two powers had lived under the régime of a mitigated union: knowing each other, intermingling, rendering mutual assistance, on the most neighborly terms, and even upon occasion contracting alliances prompted by reason and love. Now, picture to yourself two old people, an aged Philemon and Baucis, who all their lives had been absolutely dependent upon each other, suddenly separated and condemned never to see each other except with the consent of the police and the municipal authorities. What confusion! What tears! would ensue.

Take, for instance, one of your sons. As soon as he has reached the age of fifteen he goes and comes alone, he knows that in this world everything has its price, that one has a right only to what one has earned by the efforts of one's intelligence, or by labor. He is taught that whoever has a faith has a right to proclaim it, and must assume the duty of providing for its ministers. In a word, you have carefully taught him responsibility. At the age of twenty-one all American citizens are truly free men: free in their relations with the State; even more

free with regard to their own selves. The life of a young Frenchman is altogether different. When he is fifteen he is watched over like a little child and has not learned anything of the strenuousness of life. All difficulties have been cleared from his path. His father and mother may have eaten dry bread: he has not noticed it. All he knows is the routine of conventionality and contempt for individual effort. When he is twenty-one he is the slave of his indolence, his ignorance, and the conditions formed around him by his family.

All obstacles have been cleared from his path, and he has never been obliged to make a decision.

It is such a creature as this that is suddenly called upon to build up a faith, and to provide for its support with his own money, whereas he has never in all his life been required to undertake such an expense. It is rank madness. He is utterly incapable of accomplishing such a task!

As soon as the State ceases to be high priest of his religion, and to provide for its



support, the Frenchman will soon consign his faith to oblivion, and at most breathe a sigh over its disappearance from the sphere of his daily life.

If, on the other hand, all France, fired by a praiseworthy zeal, should take advantage of the withdrawal of Government support to set out upon a campaign of religious propaganda, with all the expenses and sacrifices which such a step would entail—then it is the State which would be threatened with destruction. Religious conditions in France are totally different from what they are in the United States. We may be said to have only one faith; among the thirty-eight million inhabitants of this country there are not more than one million two hundred thousand Protestants and Jews. Is it illusory to suppose that the thirty-seven million Catholics enrolled under the same banner, with no counterbalancing power to keep them in check, might at a moment turn against the State which has given them their freedom and make war upon it? This colossal association will suddenly become a redoubtable force when the State loses its power to curb it, to starve it into submission—it will soon be as rich as the State, or able to control it by keeping up a pretense of protection. In a country where unity of faith is absolute, the Government, if it does not defend itself, becomes oppressed. This is why in the majority of cases, under circumstances such as at present exist in France, the State becomes the oppressor. It perceives the approaching battle and is the first to open hostilities.

The third difficulty which arises in the problem of the separation of Church and State is what I would term the question of the classes. As soon as the State severs all connection with religious organizations, the priesthood, which ought to belong to all classes, and particularly the lower ones, becomes the tool of the aristocracy. This condition of affairs arises invariably in all countries where the separation of Church and State prevails, but among a nation the aristocracy of which is almost unanimously Catholic and Royalist such a state of affairs would fast become intolerable. The foundations of the republic would be threatened.

Combining the last-named consideration

with the two others, we arrive at this result: that the régime of the separation cannot be implanted without bringing about one of the following alternatives: Either the State will be given a dangerous rival, or the Catholics will be threatened with the scattering, if not the total suppression, of their religion.

And yet, liberal or not, dangerous to the State or homicidal to the Church, the separation of Church and State in France will sooner or later take place because it must, since logic is stronger than sentiment, and logic says that a State which has the pretension to declare itself secular—and which, indeed, is so—cannot possibly know much about religion or how to practice it.

It seems difficult enough, in the face of all this, to understand why certain prominent politicians refused to take the matter up. Since it was bound, in the natural course of events, to crop up some day or other, it would have been much more sensible to examine the question deliberately, instead of taking every possible means to oppose its discussion. On the other hand, it is even more difficult to comprehend the brutality with which the question has been treated.

It now seems only too clear that the foremost idea of those who started the dispute was one of hatred and intolerance. Approached calmly, with all the consideration which is due the ancient institutions of the French State on the one hand, and the Papacy on the other, the matter might have been brought to a dignified conclusion. The minister who could have brought about the separation of the Church and State on the lines of diplomacy, if not on those of the Concordat, would without doubt have been universally proclaimed a great statesman. Summarily dealt with, as it is at present—one might almost say insultingly, since the main impulse of its originators was a tardy reply to the pretended provocation of Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary of State to the Holy See—it will fatally become an apple of discord, thrown among a nation already overstocked with a large crop of such fruit.

Looked upon from this point of view, the separation of Church and State spells anarchy. Only the blind cannot see it.

With You

BY MARGARET HUNT BRISBANE

THE green old road that winds and dips
Close to the river's laughing lips,
The ragged rushes rising rank
In verdure on the bare, brown bank,
The lingering lights that softly break
In dying beauty o'er the lake,
All these make magic memories start
And paint a picture to my heart.

The river's roll, the lowland's bend,
The soft sky, smiling like a friend,
That white star, climbing up alone,
The water's mellow monotone,
The beauteous belt of yellow light
That binds the dusky waist of night,
That tender time of melting mist
When day and night in silence kissed—
All these that heavenly hour renew
When first my heart went out to you.

The last, bright blush the sunset gave
Was slowly sinking in the wave,
The twilight shadows shook their hair
Loose on the bosom of the air,
Across the water, zephyr-fanned,
The light boat rocked away from land,
And sailing for the waiting west
(That same star throbbed upon her breast!)
Straight through some strange, sweet,
 golden gate,
Our two hearts drifted to their fate.

Beloved, my whole soul bloomed for you
As flowers uncloset to gather dew;
Your heart-touch to my spirit-palm
Brought purer pulse and holier calm;
You lifted me to heights divine;
You steeped life's lips in sacred wine;
You took Love's lens, and looking through,
Drew all my heart and soul to you.

Some day, while walking hand in hand
Through life's love-lighted, lustrous land,
We each of us (come soon or late)
Will stand before time's sunset gate.
The evening light upon the wave
Will shine—the glow-worm on the grave—
The bright boat booked for unseen shores
Will have strange angels at the oars,
And straight into the dying west
Our souls must sail at God's behest.

L'ENVOI

Oh! star of stars, oh! light of light,
God grant this crowning dear delight,
That fearless through his boundless blue
My smiling soul may sail—with you!



The Honorable Lige and the Cigarette Law

BY LEROY SCOTT

I



HE Millionaire Express was streaking across Indiana at sixty miles an hour. The broad fields of knee-high corn and yellowing wheat that whizzed by were beautiful with the ordered, complacent beauty of rich farm-land—but the Honorable “Little Lige” McGann, boss of Tammany Hall, and the Honorable Lawrence Doyle did not look out upon them. The pair had a beautiful complacency within themselves.

Little Lige (while a youngster his father's political henchmen had dubbed him Little Lige to distinguish him from Elijah Senior, and the name still stuck though his father's flesh was dust and his own flesh was two hundred and seventy-odd pounds)—Little Lige for the tenth time that day brought his fat red hand down upon the thin leg of the Honorable Lawrence Doyle. “At ten o'clock to-morrow, Lonnie, we meet that committee of Chicago pippins; at eleven o'clock the deal's closed, and we've gathered to ourselves a half-million plunks apiece. Which ain't so worse, my boy. That ought to pay our laundry-bills for a month—hey?” He chuckled gleefully, and his flowered waistcoat and the red flesh-folds that fell over his collar wobbled in a kind of applause.

“For God's sake, Lige, cut out that ice-hook grab!” gasped the Honorable Lawrence Doyle. With both hands he pushed away the shirt-sleeved arm of the Honorable Lige, then smoothed out the crumpled leg of his carefully creased trousers. “Don't you be so cocksure! ‘There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.’”

“Not for two such practiced drinkers as me and you, Lonnie.” The Honorable Lige laughed again, and again brought down his hand, but the Honorable Lawrence jerked his leg away and the fat hand clutched the

red plush of the Pullman seat. Little Lige, grunting with the effort, crossed his feet on the opposite seat beside his silk hat and crossed his hands over his spherical waistcoat. “We can't fail. It's a square, fair deal. The mine is gilt-edged property. We've already got 'em wildly interested. In some respects, Lonnie, promotin' beats politics. Why, in politics I can't clean up half a million in less'n six months.”

The talk ran on about the deal of the morrow, going over what had already been repeated a dozen times. Presently the express came to a pause before a low, wooden station, labeled Fairville, in front of which stood a score or more of men and several girls who had sauntered down to attend the social function of seeing “the 4:57 come in.”

The Honorable Lige rose and put on his silk hat. “I guess we stop here for water,” he remarked. “I feel as stiff as a chair. Let's go out and limber up a bit.”

The Honorable Lawrence agreed, and the two made their way to the platform. After one turn, the Honorable Lawrence drew forth a silver cigarette-case and held it out to Little Lige. “Have one?”

“Well, I reckon I will, if you ain't got nothin' a man's size.” Little Lige took a cigarette, both lighted up, and they continued promenading up and down the platform, the hand of the dapper Mr. Doyle on the shirt-sleeve of the Honorable Elijah, and the Honorable Elijah's silk hat on the back of his head. The citizens standing about the depot stared at the twain, and stared at the clouds of Pride of the Harem being launched into the Hoosier atmosphere. They addressed excited whispers to one of their number—a thin, stoop-shouldered man with a straggling gray beard, in his shirt-sleeves and wearing a sun-and-dirt-browned straw hat. The man shook his head doubtfully, but after more excited whispers he disappeared around the depot. Two minutes later he reappeared, and with him was a tall, lean man, with a drooping



Drawn by William R. Leigh

AFTER TEN SECONDS' SCRAPPING THEY WERE STILL PRISONERS AND THE TRAIN WAS BEYOND CAPTURE

mustache, wearing a star on the lapel of his coat. A plump, spectacled citizen, whose lips protruded in their severity, left the group about the depot and fell in beside the pair. The tall man turned up his collar, thereby hiding the star, and the three, eagerly eyed by the society of Fairville, sauntered with deep unconcern toward the Honorable Lige McGann and the Honorable Lawrence Doyle.

"Well, so this is what they call a town out here in Indiana," Little Lige was remarking. "Lonnie, which'd you rather do, live in Fairville or live under a tombstone?"

"I'd want to think it over," responded the Honorable Lawrence.

"Well," said the Honorable Lige with deliberation, launching another soft cloud

of Pride of the Harem, "I wouldn't live here an hour if I was paid a thousand a minute."

The whistle blew. "All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

The two quickly wheeled about to hurry on their car—and found a tall thin man and a short thin man and a stern spectacled man squarely across their path.

"What d'you want?" demanded the Honorable Lige, bristling.

"You," said the tall man, laying one hand on Little Lige's arm, and with the other turning out his star. His thin ally seized the arm of the Honorable Lawrence. "I'm the mayor," he said in a small, trembling voice. "And he"—indicating his severe-faced companion—"he's the ex-mayor—Deacon Tucker."

"Want me!" shouted the Honorable Lige to the tall man. "What for?"

"Smokin' cigarettes," returned the marshal, in an ominous voice.

"Smokin' cigarettes!" A remembrance of headlines in the New York papers about Indiana's anti-cigarette legislation flashed into his brain. He said a few things—but as the Honorable Lige was not a reform politician, they can't be repeated here. "Get out o' the way!" he roared, and he and the Honorable Lawrence tried to make a rush for their car. They were seized about the waist.

"You infernal asses! We've got to get this train. It means millions! D'you hear? Millions!"

"Can't help it; it's your fault," said the marshal, with a stern look from his serious eyes. "You've broke the cigarette law."

"Yes, we seen you do it," said the mayor.

"We certainly did!" said the deacon.

"Look here!" shouted the Honorable Elijah. "D'you know who I am? I'm McGann! Lige McGann!"

That announcement would have brought the New York police force to its knees, but the police force of Fairville kept its feet. "Glad to meet you," it said, tightening its hold. "Simmons is my name, Josiah Simmons."

The train began to move. "Smash your man, Lonnie, and run for it!" yelled the Honorable Lige. But after ten seconds' scrapping they were still prisoners, and the train was beyond capture. The Honorable Lige ceased from his efforts.

"When's the next train for Chicago out of this place?" he shouted.

"At ten to-morrow," said Mr. Simmons. "But I don't think you'll git it," he added solemnly. "I think you'll git about three months apiece."

II

The mayor's courtroom was a large, square room at the back of the mayor's harness-shop—its dingy walls plastered with lithographs of buggies and with hand-bills advertising long-past public sales and county fairs. On one side its open windows gave upon a sun-baked, freshly graveled street, and on the other side upon a yard, rankly grown over with ragweeds, and enclosed by a weather-browned board fence. The Honorable Elijah McGann, boss of

Tammany Hall, and the Honorable Lawrence Doyle did not look out upon these depressing views. They had depression enough within themselves.

It was half an hour since the two had stood on the station platform watching the Millionaire Express shoot toward the skyline. The mayor had started to open court a minute before, but a farmer had appeared who wanted a fly-net and he had postponed justice while he attended to business. The Honorable Lige and the Honorable Lonnie sat on a knife-hacked bench near the mayor's chair, both glowering at the crowd of staring spectators headed by Deacon Tucker, the fur of Little Lige's silk hat, which was riding his knee, sympathetically ruffled like that of an angry cat. Mr. Simmons, with an air of triumphant importance which he tried to repress before his fellow-citizens, sat at Little Lige's side, his knobby jaws slowly working, and his shiny black hair, pasted down on his forehead in a flat curl, giving off an oily fragrance.

The Honorable Lige bent over the Honorable Lawrence. "See what your damned little cigarettes done!" he whispered, with a dig of his pillow-like elbow. "Hain't I been tryin' ten years to get you to smoke a man's smoke?"

"Shut up!" snapped the Honorable Lawrence.

"Lonnie, my boy, if ever you smoke another cigarette, I'll fix you when we get back to New York. By George, I'll have you put up as reform candidate for mayor! Oh, I'll do you up!"

Little Lige ponderously recrossed his legs, and for a moment studied Mr. Simmons with a sideling glance. "Say, Mr. Police Department," he whispered suavely, "if an angel was to walk up to you right now and hand you a hundred to let us off, what'd you do?"

Mr. Simmons turned his solemn gray eyes upon Little Lige. "You ain't got a hundred dollars. I got you sized up. You're one o' them cheap politicians."

The Honorable Lige swallowed hard. "Ain't got a hundred, hey? How about that?" And he craftily slid along one leg into prominence a red hand on which burnt a great diamond.

"Glass!" whispered Mr. Simmons.

The Honorable Lige thought of the great dinner at which the Elijah McGann Association had presented him this gem. "Why,

you——” he began exasperatedly, but broke off and laughed. “Say, you, now if a real politician, with a real diamond, with a real hundred dollars, wanted to get off, what would you do?”

“Lock him up,” said Mr. Simmons.

“Well, you’re the first cop——”

But the Honorable Lige’s tribute was cut off by the entrance of the mayor, who took his seat with an embarrassed air, doubtfully fingering his thin beard. He gave a hesitant rap on his desk with his knuckles, and announced waveringly: “Court come to order!”

The talking ceased. “Mr. Marshal, will you please state what this here case is?” requested the mayor.

“You know what it is.”

The mayor looked about with loose jaw. “Well, then, Mr. Marshal, what’s the evidence?”

“You seen the evidence yourself,” returned the even voice of Mr. Simmons. “We all seen ’em do it. They know they done it. There ain’t nothin’ to this trial but to per-nounce sentence.”

The mayor scratched his beard. “I reckon that’s right. Well, you two prisoners, I hereby pronounce you guilty o’ smokin’——”

The Honorable Elijah uprose, silk hat held over his left thumb, his right arm outstretched. “Mr. Mayor, is this civilization, or—or Indiana?”

The mayor hesitated an instant. “Why, this is Indinyan,” he said.

“I guess you’re right,” agreed the Honorable Lige, sarcastically. “But even out here in Indiana, a man can say something before bein’ sentenced, can’t he?”

“Well—I s’pose so.”

“Oh, what’s the use?” broke in the slow voice of Mr. Simmons. “You smoked a cigarette, didn’t you?”

“Hell, yes!” said the Honorable Lige.

“Ditto,” said the Honorable Lonnie.

“You swear again and you’ll git fined for contempt o’ court,” warned Mr. Simmons, sternly. “Of course you smoked. I seen you. Well, there’s a law agin smokin’ cigarettes. You smoked ’em. You’re guilty. That’s all. Pernounce the sentence, your honor.”

Little Lige put a red hairy fist under the marshal’s nose. “When this blamed comic opera is over, I want to see you!”

“Pernounce the sentence, Judge,” re-

peated the unperturbed voice of Mr. Simmons.

The mayor cleared his throat. “In view o’ the fact that witnesses has seen you smokin’ cigarettes within Indinyan, and you yourselves admit smokin’ cigarettes, I hereby find you two prisoners guilty o’ the crime of—of—I hereby find you guilty of—of——”

“Smokin’ cigarettes,” supplied Mr. Simmons.

“Guilty o’ smokin’ cigarettes,” declared the mayor. He saw his townsmen were expecting something of him, and he rose to the occasion. “Which is agin the laws and statutes o’ the State of Indinyan as promulgated by the last Legislature. The State Legislature, in its infinite wisdom, has learned that there is no more pernicious influence threat’nin’ every man, woman, girl, boy, babe and child o’ this country, standin’ like a wolf at the door ready to worm its way into our hearts, that there is no greater danger endangerin’ hearth, home, church, and the flag and constitution of our glorious country, than——” he tugged painfully at his beard——“than——”

“Than smokin’ cigarettes,” the slow voice of Mr. Simmons again supplied.

“Than smokin’ cigarettes. It’s a sin and a crime, and it’s agin the law. You’re guilty o’ smokin’ cigarettes. I hereby sentence you to two months in the calaboose.”

“A just sentence!” Deacon Tucker whispered audibly.

Mr. Simmons leaned toward the mayor.

“And fine ’em fifty dollars apiece, so you can pay me my back salary,” he whispered.

“And I fine you fifty dollars apiece,” the mayor added.

The Honorable Lige and the Honorable Lawrence sprang up. “Do you mean to say,” shouted the Honorable Lige, shaking his fist, “that bec’use we each smoked a cigarette on the edge of your dinky thirty-nine-cent town, that you’re goin’ to try to keep us here two months, and make us pay fifty dollars apiece? Well, by George, you ain’t! You’ll talk a little different when you’ve got a million-dollar damage suit on your hands. D’you know who I am?”

“He’s one o’ them cheap politicians, your honor,” calmly answered Mr. Simmons. “When we searched ’em, you know the little one had over a hundred and fifty dollars, but he had only a dollar and thirty-seven cents.”

"You'll pay for this—" began the Honorable Lige.

"We'll make you sick—" began the Honorable Lonnie.

"I guess court's adjourned," interrupted Mr. Simmons.

"Court's adjourned!" agreed the mayor, bringing his knuckles down on his desk.

Ten minutes later, the Honorable Lige and the Honorable Lonnie were ushered into the calaboose, which stood just beyond the edge of the town. It was a small wooden shed lined with boiler-plate and comprising a single cell. The Honorable Lige deposited his silk hat on the bed, and glared about the black-walled room. "Well, is this where you expect to keep us locked up for two months?"

"Only at night," answered Mr. Simmons. "In the daytime you'll work on the streets."

And Mr. Simmons withdrew to bring them some supper.

The Honorable Lige sank to a seat on the bed, and the Honorable Lonnie sat down beside him. The Honorable Lige's eyes wandered over his well-filled silk vest, over his well-filled twenty-dollar trousers, down to his patent-leather shoes. "Work on the streets!" he murmured.

There was a moment's silence. Suddenly the Honorable Lonnie's eyes gleamed with wicked pleasure. "Just wait till Tammany Hall hears what happened to Mr. Elijah McGann," he said softly.

The Honorable Elijah glared, but said nothing.

There was another moment's silence. "As I remarked before, Lige," said the Honorable Lawrence, again grinning wickedly, "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup—"

"Lonnie," broke in the Honorable Lige, with severe politeness, "will you please go to hell?"

III

It was half past nine. The Honorable Lige and the Honorable Lawrence were sitting on the bed listlessly reading by the light of a kerosene-lamp a divided copy of that day's issue of the Fairville "Weekly Clarion," which Mr. Simmons had left for their entertainment. They had read the patent inside, and were now mechanically looking over the advertisements.

Suddenly the Honorable Lige, with dejected interest, laid a forefinger on a spot of his half. "There's the most interesting thing in the paper."

"What is it?" asked the Honorable Lawrence.

"It's a time-table. 'Train leaves Hebron at 5:07 A.M. Arrives Chicago 9:55 A.M. Stops at all stations.' I wonder where Hebron is?"

"I was just reading an ad," said the Honorable Lawrence. "Here it is. 'The New York Store. The Greatest Emporium in Peppercreek County. Hebron, Indiana.' This is Peppercreek County, so Hebron can't be far."

"Gee, if we could only get out!" sighed the Honorable Lige. "It would still mean a half-million apiece."

They both looked up at the little grated window. The Honorable Lawrence rose and shook the bars. They were solid. He sat down again.

"Well," he presently remarked, "even if we got those bars out, you could never get yourself through that window."

"That's right," sighed the Honorable Lige. "Unless you took me apart and put me through a piece at a time."

"And besides, even if we got away, we haven't a cent to get to Chicago on. They cleaned us out when they searched us."

"Lonnie, there's where you suffer from the disadvantages of a college education," remarked the Honorable Lige, with a sudden pride. "I was educated proper, so I knew what was comin' and what to do." He pulled up a trouser-leg, revealing an ankle like a young tree, and on it a large lump. "That ain't no cancer, Lonnie. That's a dozen fifty-dollar bills."

The Honorable Lawrence brightened, then grew gloomy again. "What's the good of money when you can't spend it?"

"What!" echoed the Honorable Lige. He meditatively polished his silk hat with the palm of his big hand. "And I own a little town out East called New York!" he murmured.

The grating of a key in the door and the appearance of Mr. Simmons broke in on his reflections. "I jest come in to see if things was all right," remarked the marshal, locking the door behind him.

"Sit down and enjoy yourself," said the Honorable Lige, waving a hand toward an empty space on the bed.

"I'm comfortable enough here," returned Mr. Simmons, standing stiffly beside the wall and eying them sternly.

"Mr. Simmons," remarked the Honorable Lige after a moment, "suppose an angel was to drop through the ceiling and hand you a hundred to let us out?"

"You're a cheap politician. You ain't got a hundred. You only had a dollar thirty-seven cents."

"Hold on!" cried Lige. "I want to ask you something."

The marshal turned back. "Hurry then. It's bed-time."

"What all do you do in this town?" began the Honorable Lige.

Mr. Simmons eyed him suspiciously.

"Well, I keep order," he gingerly answered.

"Yes. Anything else?"

"I keep the fire-engine in shape."



Drawn by William R. Leigh

THE HONORABLE LAWRENCE PULLED FROM UNDER THE BED A ROPE MADE FROM ONE OF THE SHEETS

The Honorable Lige stole a glance at his cancer. "Suppose the angel offered you three hundred?"

Mr. Simmons was unmoved.

"Five hundred?"

"It 'ud be counterfeit," said Mr. Simmons.

"Suppose it was real?"

"See here! You're goin' to stay here. You understand? I ain't got no time to waste on you." He turned toward the door.

"What else?"

"Nothin' else, except oversee keepin' up the streets."

"Police department, fire department, street-cleanin' department," enumerated the Honorable Lige. "Now how much do you get a month for bein' the city administration?"

"Forty-seven dollars."

"Now you see here, Simmons," said the Honorable Lige, tapping the marshal on the

chest with his half of the Fairville "Weekly Clarion." "I want you. When I get out o' here you're comin' to New York. I'm goin' to put you at my office door to keep the two-cent grafters out. Won't he be a peach for that, Lonnie? They'll never get by you. And I'm goin' to pay you a hundred a month. Understand? But before I give you the job I'm goin' to lick the stuffin' out o' you, Simmons." For emphasis the Honorable Lige tapped him again on the chest with the "Clarion."

"I suppose you'll pay me the hundred out o' the dollar thirty-seven cents," sniffed Mr. Simmons.

But the Honorable Lige did not retort. As he had struck Mr. Simmons the second time with the "Clarion," his eyes had fallen on the time-table of the trains between Hebron and Chicago. He gave a start, an inspired look came to the surface of his face, to dive instantly back into its fatty depths. "By the way, Simmons," he said casually, "if we've got to live in this town two months, tell us something about the country. Where's Hebron?"

"Ten miles north, on the road that runs right past the calaboose here."

"A little mud road, crooked as one of your rail fences, I bet."

"It's a pike, and nary a turn," said Mr. Simmons, with indignant local pride.

The Honorable Lige suddenly staggered backward. "Oh, my heart!" he gasped, and collapsed on the bed. "Some whisky, quick!"

For a second the Honorable Lawrence looked bewildered. Then he cried out: "He's this way often. Get some whisky!"

"That's from smokin' cigarettes," remarked Mr. Simmons severely. But he quickly unlocked the door, hurried out, and locked the door behind him.

As the bolt clicked back into place, the Honorable Lige sat up and swore. "That's rotten luck! I thought he'd get rattled and leave the door unlocked." He stared in disappointment at the Honorable Lawrence. Then inspiration rose again to the ruddy surface of his face—and the next five minutes were not wasted.

When the key sounded in the lock again, the Honorable Lige dropped back upon the bed. He drank the whisky Mr. Simmons had brought, and a few minutes later declared himself as good as new.

"You leave them little cigarettes alone,

or some day you'll die," advised Mr. Simmons.

"I'll never smoke another, Mr. Administration," the Honorable Lige returned. He rose and put a hand on the marshal's shoulder, and at the same instant the Honorable Lawrence casually stepped behind Mr. Simmons. "Never another of the sin-propagatin' little—"

Suddenly the Honorable Lawrence made a dive and tackled Mr. Simmons about the knees. The marshal went floundering to the floor. The next instant the two hundred seventy-odd pounds of the Honorable Lige dropped upon Mr. Simmons' stomach. Mr. Simmons' breath rushed out explosively, and Mr. Simmons lay as limp as a bursted balloon. The Honorable Lawrence pulled from under the bed a rope made from one of the sheets—and a minute later the marshal of Fairville was bound and gagged.

"Gee, what a cannon!" remarked the Honorable Lige, holding up a long black pistol he had drawn from Simmons' hip-pocket. He slipped the revolver into his own hip-pocket, secured the calaboose key and rose with a heavy grunt. "Another minute, Lonnie, and we'll be hittin' the pike for Hebron. As for you, Simmons," he said, shaking the key at the police department, "I want you. Goin' to send for you as soon's I get back to New York. But remember, before you begin I'm goin' to lick the stuffin' out o' you!"

He turned to the Honorable Lawrence and thrust out a leg. "Lonnie, it's too hard work for me to bend over. Won't you dig out that cancer for me?"

The Honorable Lawrence removed the wad of bills from the stocking, and the Honorable Lige stripped off two fifties. "I'm goin' to pay you a hundred a month, Simmons. And I'm goin' to pay you a month's salary in advance. Lonnie, bend down for me and stick this in Simmons' clothes."

The serious eyes of Mr. Simmons stared up in amazement as the Honorable Lawrence obeyed. The Honorable Lige blew out the lamp, and unlocked the door.

"Good-by, Mr. Simmons," said the Honorable Lawrence.

"So-long, Simmons," said the Honorable Lige. "See you soon."

They stepped out. As the Honorable Lige slipped the key into the door, voices came to their ears, and, quickly wheeling,



Drawn by William R. Leigh

THE MAYOR TOOK A CIGARETTE

they saw two vague shapes turn from the pike into the path that led to the calaboose. "Of all the cross-eyed luck!" gasped the Honorable Lige, giving the key a twist. "Scoot behind the shanty!"

They darted around a great clump of elderberry-bushes, ghostly with bloom, that grew at one corner of the calaboose, and from behind this screen watched the two forms come up the moonlit path. "The mayor—and Deacon Tucker!" whispered the sharper-eyed Lonnie.

As the pair drew near, their voices came distinctly through the elder-bushes. "This is certainly a magnificent triumph for law and decency," Deacon Tucker was remarking. "It's a magnificent triumph for you, too; after what you done to-day you're bound to be reflected this fall."

"I only done my duty, Brother Tucker," returned the mayor. "But one thing is sure—there'll be nary another o' them nefarious cigarettes smoked in this town!"

They reached the calaboose door, and the mayor knocked. "Funny there ain't no

answer," he said, after several seconds had passed; "when I seen Joe at the drug-store, he said he'd wait till I come. Let's go around to the back and look in the window."

The Honorable Lige gripped an arm of the Honorable Lawrence. "Wake up, Lonnie," he whispered, and reached for his hip-pocket. The next instant, as the mayor and Deacon Tucker appeared around the elderberry-bushes, a long black revolver was thrust into their faces and a voice remarked pleasantly, "Good evenin', gents."

They sprang back. There was a gasp from the deacon, a cry from the mayor. The revolver's muzzle quickly sought out the mayor's chin. "Squawk again, friend," said the Honorable Lige, "and I'm afraid you'll be so full o' holes you can't use yourself for nothin' but a fly-net."

"Take it away! I won't!" the mayor whispered hoarsely, throwing up his hands. The deacon gulped in silence.

"Mighty glad you called," the Honorable Lige went on, taking off his silk hat with a little bow. In the moonlight his bald head

glinted like a bit of water. "Sorry we ain't got any chairs, and can't entertain you proper. Suppose you lean against the penitentiary—that'll be easier."

The pair immediately accepted the invitation and stood stiffly erect against the wooden wall, their faces gray and twitching.

"Now, Lonnie, will you kindly inquire into our guests' garments to see that they ain't got any artillery or submarine mines that might go off and spoil their clothes."

The Honorable Lawrence went through the deacon's pockets. "Nothing here," he said, and began on the mayor's. The next instant he was holding out his right hand. On it two objects gleamed dully. "My cigarette-case! And my match-box!" he exclaimed.

He had the cigarette-case open and a Pride of the Harem on the way to his lips, when the even voice of the Honorable Lige checked him. "Where's your manners, Lonnie? Company first."

The Honorable Lawrence stared blankly an instant at the Honorable Lige. Then he grinned, and held the box to the mayor.

"Thanks. But it's agin the law," the mayor quavered.

"Oh, we won't turn state's evidence," the Honorable Lige assured him.

"But I don't smoke," said the mayor.

"Oh, yes, you do."

"Oh, no, I don't," said the mayor.

The Honorable Lige clicked back the pistol's hammer. "Friend, which'd you rather be, a mayor or a fly-net?"

The mayor hesitated, a hand went waveringly to his little beard—then he took a cigarette.

Simmons' revolver shifted. "Now, deacon."

"Turn it away!" cried the deacon, and reached for Lonnie's box.

"If it's smoke or be shot," said the Honorable Lawrence, "why——" and he helped himself.

"Hold on! How many more are there?"

"Six altogether."

"Put it back," ordered the Honorable Lige. "That's only three more apiece. We mustn't stint our guests. Now give the guests a light, Lonnie."

The Honorable Lawrence, grumbling, struck a match. The deacon and the mayor eyed each other suspiciously. They leaned in turn to the match, each took a quick little puff, and then fearfully sidled close

up to the elderberry-bushes which screened them from the road. At Lige's suggestion, they all sat down on the grass—and sitting so, with frequent hospitable remarks from the Honorable Lige, and with the moonlight making the revolver on his knee unforgettable, the mayor and the deacon each smoked through his four Pride of the Harems.

"Now what?" queried the Honorable Lawrence. "If we turn 'em loose, they'll raise the town."

"Ain't there another sheet inside?" returned the Honorable Lige in a benign voice. He rose ponderously and tossed the calaboose key to Lonnie. "Show our guests into the bedroom and light the lamp."

They marched around the elderberry-bushes and into the calaboose, the Honorable Lawrence leading the way, the mayor and deacon next, the Honorable Lige with Simmons' prompting revolver in the rear. As the coal-oil lamp filled the room with light, revealing Simmons on the floor, the mayor and deacon sprang backward and would have shouted out their fright had the big revolver not jumped into their faces. "Don't squawk," advised the Honorable Lige. "Lonnie, fix the sheet for the gents."

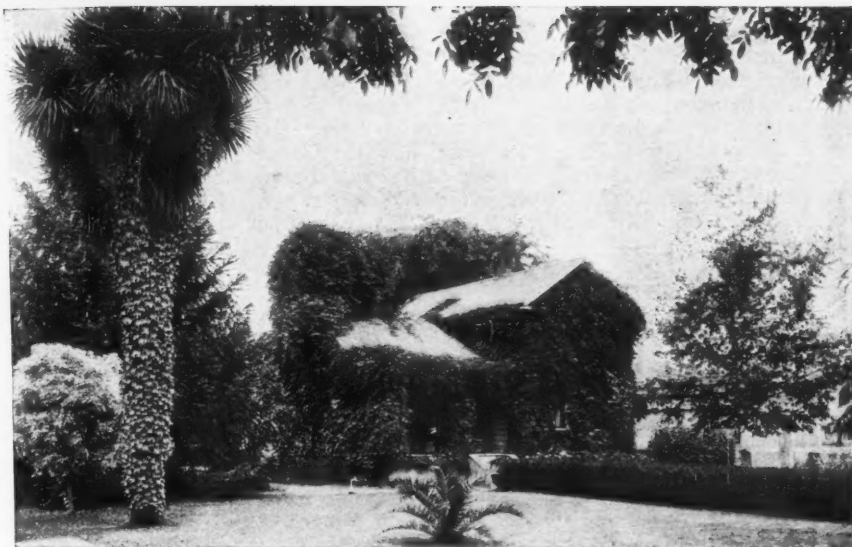
Ten minutes later the mayor and the deacon were beside Simmons, prepared for the night as Simmons was. "Pleasant dreams," said the Honorable Lawrence, blowing out the light.

"You two old sports ought to get fifty dollars and sixty days for smokin' them nefarious cigarettes," said the Honorable Lige, impressively. "You're mighty lucky. That is, it seems you're lucky—but write me what happens when your wives smell your breath. Well, good-by."

At the road, the Honorable Lige paused in sudden consternation. "Our train makes Chicago at 9:55. The meetin's at 10. Lord of love, Lonnie, we've got to face them swells dressed just as we are!"

Lige's confidence flowed back. "Oh, we'll throw some kind of a bluff into them Chicago pippins. There's half a million in it, Lonnie."

The Honorable Lawrence slipped a hand through the shirt-sleeved arm of the Honorable Lige, the Honorable Lige pulled his silk hat firmly down on his forehead, and they set forth through the soft night-air over the ten miles of straight pike for Hebron.



MR. BURBANK'S HOME, SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

Transforming the World of Plants

The Wonder-Work of Luther Burbank, which Shows How Man Can Govern Evolution

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS

This article explaining the principles on which Mr. Burbank conducts his experiments will be followed by one in December describing his methods of work in obtaining wonderful variations in plant, flower and fruit.—Editor's Note.



BEHOLD I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree bearing seed."

And to man, at the same time, was *dominion* assured over every living thing which is upon the earth.

Why, then, should anybody marvel at the achievements of Luther Burbank? If we do marvel, it is because we have not comprehended the real meaning nor the extent of the control over the life of this globe which is the birthright of humanity.

After a visit in California to Mr. Burbank's wonder-gardens—as people persist in deeming them—and after intimate talks with their master, who has no use or time for mere curiosity-seekers, the only marvel that I can see is the fact that man should have been so tardy in beginning to direct the infinite life-forces placed at his command. The Burbank experiments prove that the plant-world is plastic to human touch, and that we may shape it at our will. We hold a master hand in the game of evolution. We need not go on generation after generation eating the same fruits with the same flavors, smelling the same fragrances, admiring the same flowers

with the same colors arrayed in the same order; we need not forever make our bread from the same grains grown under the same conditions that have limited tillage and husbandry in the past; there is no fiat compelling us to dwell as long as our race shall endure under the same rooftrees; the face of the landscape may be made a mirror of the human mind, not simply in the alternation of cultivated fields and woodlands, and the artificial arrangement of nature's forms, but in the character of the forms themselves. The shapes shall be of our choosing, and the colors, the perfumes and the flavors shall reflect our preferences.

An almost religious reverence has hitherto hedged about the conception of "species." The old idea was that species were fixed from the beginning by special act of the Creator; Darwinism taught us that species arose only through slow ages of change by the gradual process of natural selection accumulating its effects for thousands and even millions of years; but Luther Burbank shows that *man* can produce species and do it in a dozen summers!

All this was implied in the declaration of the Hebrew writer concerning the gift of dominion to Adam, but how slow we have been to understand it! Now, however, the proof lies open in those Californian gardens.

It has been averred that these experiments have upset cherished scientific doctrines, but it would be more correct to say that they have flowed all around certain conceptions of formal science, leaving them like islands in the stream, and thus revealing their inadequacy and the partial character of such truth as they do contain.

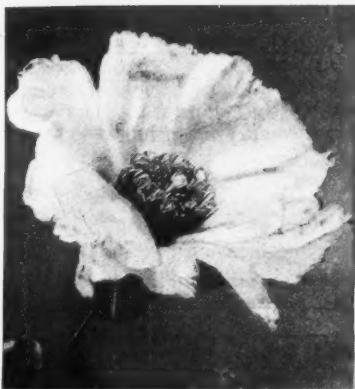
Let us see what Mr. Burbank has actually



LUTHER BURBANK

done. But first a few words about the man himself, for he is certainly one of the most remarkable men living. In straightforward simplicity of character he excels all the distinguished men I have ever met. In that simplicity is the evidence of rare power. Only a man of that kind can get close to nature, and in his closeness to nature lies his whole secret. He does not create, but he guides nature in creating. According to the testimony of

the men of science who have visited him—and many of the most famous have lately made that pilgrimage—his insight into the latent forces and tendencies of plant-life is truly marvelous, amounting to genius of a high and unique order. In this work of producing new plants, as in every other form of human endeavor, it is the personality of the worker that is of the first importance. Having shattered a plant by "hybridization" into a myriad of variant forms, he runs his eye over the multitudinous product, in which



CACTUS BLOSSOM

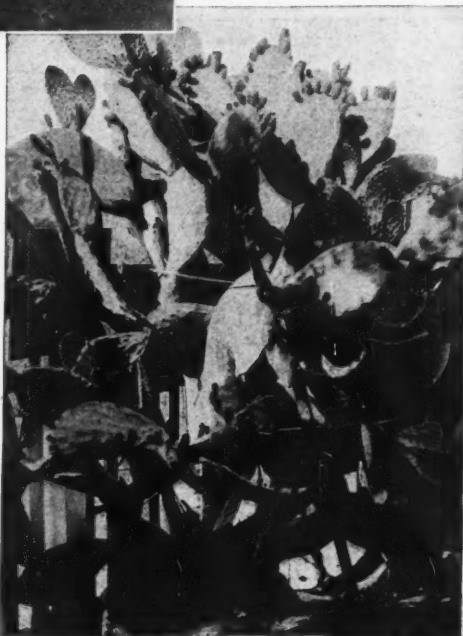
the individuals are as different as the faces in a crowd, and with amazing quickness and sureness of judgment picks out a few, a very few—sometimes but a single one from among thousands—and decrees that these only shall live and have an opportunity to propagate their kind, while all the others go to the brush-heap! Horticulturists with a lifetime of experience find themselves unable to imitate, or even to understand, this swift

intuition. It is what has given to Mr. Burbank the popular reputation of a scientific "wizard," at which he is good-naturedly amused. When he made his famous "white blackberry," he selected just one plant out of the sixty-five thousand which sprang from the crossings! Anybody can cross plants and get variations, but it is the subsequent selection that forms the test. An army alone is not sufficient to win a victory, there must be also the discriminating and directing eye of a Caesar or a Napoleon. The power of insight has been given to few as fully as it

has been given to Luther Burbank, and therein lies the explanation of the strange fact that he, in half a human lifetime, has done more to change the forms of plant-life than all the farmers, gardeners, horticulturists, florists and savants since the beginning of history.

He is a philosopher, and at heart a poet, but not a writer for lack of time. What little he has written, and all that he says in conversation, reveal surprising breadth and boldness of thought. He is not afraid to use his imagination, although he never loses the distinction between what is imaginative and what is real. His thoughts are not confined to the mere details of his work, but he correlates them with the results and hypoth-

eses of modern science. Meditating on the recent wonderful advances in the theory of electricity, he sees their connection with the facts of plant-life, and speaks of: "A Kinetic Creation—a Universe of organized lightning." He gets so close to nature in his dealings with the vital forces of the vegetable kingdom that he feels that life is everywhere; that intelligence is not something apart; that the universe cannot be made



MR. BURBANK'S SPINELESS FRUIT-BEARING CACTUS WHICH MAY TURN THE ARID DESERT INTO POPULOUS PLAINS



EDIBLE FRUIT OF THE SPINELESS CACTUS

up of mere dead matter moved by forces outside itself, but that it is a universe of force alone. His favorite author is Emerson. I was sure of that before he told me. "Emerson," he says, "suits all moods. It seems in reading him as if Nature were speaking instead of Emerson." He feels that Emerson foresaw many of the things that his experiments have brought to light. He showed me a brown oak-leaf, carefully preserved between sheets of silk paper, that came from a tree at the Concord philosopher's old home. In his earlier

soil, its undeveloped, limitless possibilities; and it needed him with his power to bring out the latent forces of nature. Santa Rosa, his chosen home, some fifty or sixty miles north of the Golden Gate, is a typical Californian country town, full of gardens, flowers, foliage, birds, and cool alcoves inviting the siesta. On its outskirts, looking off to a far range of hills, is his cottage, buried in vines and blossoms, with gardens and experiment-grounds behind it. Mr. Burbank is in the ripe prime of life, at fifty-six years. He is not married, and with him



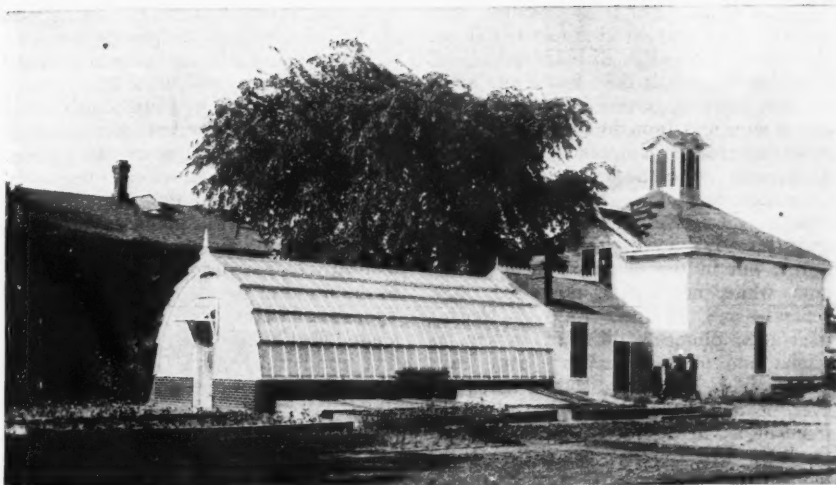
TRUNK OF THE "PARADOX" WALNUT, FASTEST-GROWING TREE OF THE TEMPERATE ZONE. THIS ONE, FOURTEEN YEARS OLD, HAS ATTAINED A CIRTH OF OVER SIX FEET. ITS THIRTY-YEAR-OLD PARENT IS A MERE BABY IN COMPARISON

years he knew Emerson, for he was born in Massachusetts in 1849, and was twenty-six when he went to California.

A man's surroundings become a part of himself, and partake more or less of his character. This must be especially true of such a man as Luther Burbank, engaged in such work as his. California was made for him and he for California. He needed its wonderful climate, its rich and varied

lives his mother, a New England woman, sprung from the Rosses and the Burpees, and now ninety-two years of age. She is fond of going out into the gardens to enjoy the floral creations of her son. It was in her garden, at Lunenburg, Massachusetts, thirty-two years ago, that he brought forth the firstling of his genius, the now famous Burbank potato.

And now what, precisely, are the feats



MR. BURBANK'S HOTHOUSE AND WORKSHOP, SANTA ROSA

of Luther Burbank, about which all the world is vaguely talking?

He is giving to mankind new plants, new fruits, new flowers, new trees, *such as have never been known before*. Some of these, it is true, are only varieties, akin to those that everybody has seen in gardens and cultivated fields—for in a timid, half-hearted way man has long been imparting a faint impress of his ideas to the plant world. But the more remarkable ones are so different from any preëxisting forms that they can only be described as new creations. Some of them bridge the supposed impassable chasms between species, and between genera, and in every way they indicate that there is practically no limit to the number and variety of new plant-forms that can be produced by artificial crossing and selection.

Take, for instance, the "plumcot"; its name hints at its ancestry, for it is the offspring of the plum and the apricot. It is absolutely a new kind of fruit. The very flavor and taste of it have hitherto been unknown to the human palate. When

I visited Mr. Burbank's experimental farm at Sebastopol, near Santa Rosa, toward the end of May last, there were rows of trees hanging full of green plumcots, but, unfortunately for my desire to taste this new fruit, in this new garden of Eden, the plumcot does not ripen until July. So I could only admire it amid its rich covering of foliage, and feast my eyes



"PLUMCOTS"—OFFSPRING OF THE PLUM AND APRICOT—AN ABSOLUTELY NEW FRUIT IN FLAVOR AND TASTE

upon the spectacle of trees gleaming with showers of fruit whose kind nature did not know until the genius of man summoned it into being! It is only four years since the first plumcot turned its downy cheek to the sun, and brought into the world a new pleasure for gourmands, but already it promises to be the progenitor of a distinguished line of descendants as varied among themselves as any family of fruits already known. Not only in their flavor, but in the color of their pulp—now white, now pink, now red, now yellow—and in their way of bearing their pits, plumcots differ in variety, as apples and other of nature's own fruits differ. This last phrase should not, however, lead anyone to suppose that the plumcot is, in any sense, an un-natural product. Mr. Burbank did not *create* the tendencies that gave birth to it; he simply *discovered* and *guided* those tendencies, and, while nature might never spontaneously have turned them in the direction which he chose, yet, once set in motion, nature's forces flowed in the new course as freely as would a stream whose accustomed channel had been dammed up and another way opened for its waters. How Mr. Burbank accomplishes these things I shall endeavor to explain a little later.

Another surprising product of this kind is the "primus" berry. There is an unfortunate artificiality about this name which is apt to give the reader the impression that the fruit described by it is merely a horticultural variety, instead of being, what it actually is, a new and distinct species of berry, as fit to stand in a rank by itself on account of individuality of flavor and habit as is the raspberry or the blackberry. In fact, though differing from them both, the primus berry is the result of a cross between a raspberry from Siberia and a blackberry, or dewberry, from California. It stands on the records, with scientific recognition, as the first fixed species of the *rubus* tribe ever artificially produced. Yet not long ago there was a dictum, much repeated in scientific circles, to the effect that it is impossible for man to produce new species. And that is not the only highly respected dictum that has gone the same way. True science, however, preserves its credit by promptly discarding exploded theories and loyally

accepting established facts. Such facts are the plumcot and the primus berry.

The result of a cross between different species is usually spoken of as a hybrid. Mr. Burbank has many flourishing hybrids, some of them far more beautiful and more useful than either of the species from whose hidden stores of undeveloped tendencies and latent life-forces they were brought forth. He has in this manner created two new species of walnuts, each of which, in its own way, may bring about a revolution in the world of trees. One of these is the "paradox" walnut (pity, again, that such a name should have been necessary), whose first wonderful feature is the swiftness of its growth. It has been pronounced to be the fastest-growing tree in the temperate zone. There is a row of these trees bordering the walk in front of Mr. Burbank's home, some of which, in thirteen or fourteen years, have developed trunks *two feet in diameter*, while their broad-spreading tops cast around them the shadows of giants.

Yet, contrary to what is almost invariably found with fast-growing trees, these great walnuts are remarkable for the hardness and durability of their wood! This has been compared to *lignum vitæ* for solidity, while it possesses a most beautiful color, and is in every respect suitable and excellent for cabinet-making and for building-timber. This new kind of tree is capable itself of developing improved varieties without losing its distinctive characteristics, and Mr. Burbank anticipates that it will give rise to many novel cabinet woods, and will add immensely to the timber wealth of the country after it shall have been widely introduced and cultivated.

Now, note a most significant thing: the paradox walnut is not much of a nut-bearer, but its half-brother, the "royal" walnut, loads itself with amazing crops of large, sweet nuts. Both have the same mother, the native Californian black walnut, but the father of the paradox was the English walnut, and that of the royal the Eastern black walnut. The first exhibited at the beginning surprising vegetative energy, and was urged in the direction of growth at the expense of the reproductive power; the second showed great reproductive power, and was specially developed along that line. The consequence is that two new kinds of

walnut-trees have been brought into existence, one of which offers the world an immense addition to its supply of valuable timber and beautiful cabinet wood, while the other is a food-producer, yielding nuts increased four or five times in size and enormously in number.

There appears to be no detail in the life and growth of plants that is beyond the reach of human interference and that cannot be made to follow the dictates of man's

climbing or shaking trees. So the process was reversed and the nuts were bred back again into the protection of thick shells. A similar thing happened when Mr. Burbank bred the prickly husks off chestnuts. He found that that kind of chestnuts would only answer for a birdless land, and he had to put the burrs on again. Nature has spent countless thousands of years in bringing about some of these adjustments of conditions to environment, which man



MR. BURBANK AMONG HIS WALNUT SEEDLINGS. THE FIRST RESULT OF CROSSING IS AN AMAZING VARIETY OF FORMS FROM WHICH CHOICE SPECIMENS ARE SELECTED

wishes. Once in a while Mr. Burbank discovers that he has gone too far, and that there is a wisdom garnered from ages of experience in some of nature's arrangements which cannot be violated with impunity. If nuts had thinner shells, for instance, it would be possible to dispense with nut-crackers. Accordingly Mr. Burbank once bred the shells of English walnuts so thin that they were easily broken. This proved a great boon to the birds, and they quickly got all the nuts, for they were up first in the morning and had to waste no time in

can upset in a season or two if he finds it to his advantage to do so.

But the reader may naturally ask: "How can Mr. Burbank, or any other human being, cause nuts to thicken or thin their shells at his bidding?"

The answer sounds somewhat paradoxical: "He can do it because the world is so very old and so very full of life."

In the eons of its past existence the kingdom of plants has stored up innumerable impressions derived from its ever-changing environments. These impressions have

produced hereditary tendencies (tendencies toward their own perpetuation) the greater number of which remain latent, and at present invisible, like photographic negatives not yet dipped into the developing-tray. There is not room enough in the whole world for all to manifest themselves simultaneously. If they were all materialized at once, a thousand earths would not suffice to hold the countless forms that are locked up, unseen, in plants. Only those are visible about us which have found favoring circumstances, and which upon the whole are best fitted for their present environments. But the latent tendencies, though held back, are not destroyed or obliterated. They are like so many memories stamped upon the brain, covered up under a flood of later impressions, apparently forgotten, yet ready, when the mystic chord is touched, to spring into vivid prominence. Thus it happens that through some change of environment, of food, soil or climate, a concealed hereditary tendency, the sleeping memory of some former state of existence, awakes in a plant, and what the gardener or the horticulturist calls a "sport" is produced. The plant affected becomes like a black sheep in a snowy flock. It has heard a far-off ancestral voice and started backward at the call.

Now, ordinarily these natural sports and variations are short-lived. There is no room or place for them in the existing order of things; they are not armed to engage in the struggle for existence; they are not "fitted" to survive; the favoring circumstance that brought them forth was but a flitting gleam, and with its departure they are left unsupported.

Yet here intelligence sees its opportunity to interfere. Man can govern the environment for the plant. He can remove unfriendly circumstances, and can eliminate the struggle for existence. Under his fostering care the exceptional plant, which has harked back to ancient traditions of its race, and assumed a form strange to its contemporaries, may be encouraged, stimulated and developed until it becomes an established species. To apply this in the case of the walnuts and their shells, what Mr. Burbank had to do was to find some nut in which a tendency toward thinness of shell was exhibited, and then by selection and cultivation develop it into an independent species. Nuts have not always

needed the protection of thick armor, and the memory of that fact is still impressed upon their life-cells.

But this is only half the story. We have likened the latent hereditary tendencies in the underworld of sleeping forms that lies beneath the face of nature to undeveloped impressions on a photographic plate. The simile is by no means perfect, yet it may serve to carry us a step farther. Suppose that a number of photographic negatives impressed with the latent images of more or less different scenes are superposed to make a positive. The result will be a composite picture bearing some of the features characteristic of each of the negative impressions, yet, as a whole, unlike any one of them.

The various features of plants may be blended and intermingled, by the process of crossing, and the resulting forms will differ from any seen in nature. But in the case of plants a far greater variety, and much wider departures from the original types, are obtained than composite photography could show. Moreover, while the photographer by superposing his negatives gets but one composite picture, the experimenter with plants by a single crossing of types may produce an astonishing variety of new forms. He finds that he has opened a Pandora's box, and the imagination is unable to foreshadow the strange things that escape.

Thus when Mr. Burbank crosses two species of walnuts and plants the new nuts so produced, the seedlings that spring up are absolutely amazing in the variety of forms that they exhibit. The leaves of some resemble those of one parent, the leaves of others resemble those of the other parent; still others have leaves of an entirely novel and unexpected shape, not only imitating every known, and apparently every possible, type of walnut foliage, but *even aping the foliage of the oak, or the leaves of berry-bearing shrubs!*

And all this is the result of a simple crossing of life-currents, in which these tendencies would have remained latent but for such crossing.

The act of crossing, Mr. Burbank finds, sets the latent forces free, "gets the species into a state of perturbation, or wobble," of which he takes advantage for guiding the life-tendencies in directions chosen by himself.



JOHN PAUL JONES, FROM A PORTRAIT MADE SHORTLY AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN FRANCE

Story of Paul Jones

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

IX

HOW THE *RANGER* TOOK THE *DRAKE*

FOUR months slip by; it is April, and the idle *Ranger* rides in the harbor of Brest. Morose, sore with inactivity, Capt. Paul Jones seeks out Doctor Franklin at the philosopher's house in Passy. "This lying by rusts me," Capt. Paul Jones is saying, as he and Doctor Franklin have a turn in the garden. The latter likes the thin French sunshine, and gets as much of it as he may. "Yes, it rusts me—fills me with despair!"

"What would you do then?" asks Doctor Franklin, his coarse, shrewd face quickening into a warm interest. "Have you a cruise mapped out?"

"Now I thought, if you've no objections, I'd just poke the *Ranger's* nose into the Irish Sea, and take a look at Whitehaven. You know I was born by the Solway, and the coast I speak of is an old acquaintance."

"I see no objection, Captain, save the smallness of your ship."

"That is easily answered; for I give you my word, doctor, the little *Ranger* can sail round any English ship on the home-station. I shall be safe, no fear; for what I can't whip I can run from."

"Have you spoken to my brother commissioners?"

Doctor Franklin looks up, as he puts the question, with a grim expectant twinkle in his gray eyes. Capt. Paul Jones cracks his fingers in a manner of angry impatience.

"Forgive me, doctor, if I'm frank to the frontiers of rudeness. Of what avail to speak to Mr. Deane, who is asleep? Of what avail to speak to Mr. Lee, who surrounds himself with British spies like that creature Thornton, his private secretary? I ask you plain questions, doctor, for I know you to be a practical man."

The philosopher grins knowingly.

"Please do not speak of British spies to Commissioner Lee, Captain Jones. My task in France is difficult enough as it stands."

"And on that account, doctor, and on that alone, I have so far refrained from saying aught to Mr. Lee. But I tell you I misdoubt the man. His fellow, Thornton, I know to be in daily communication with the English admiralty; he clinks English gold in his pockets as the wage of his treason. This, were there no one save myself to consider, I should say in the face of Arthur Lee; ay! for that matter, in the face of all the Lees that ever hailed from Virginia. I tell you all this, doctor, for your own guidance." Then, following a pause: "Not that it sets politely with my

years to go cautioning one so much my superior in age, wisdom and experience."

The philosopher glances up from the violets he is admiring.

"Possibly, Captain Jones, I have already given myself that caution. However, concerning your proposed cruise: I shall leave all to your judgment. Certainly, our warships, as you say, were meant for battle-work, and not to waste their lives junketing about French ports."

"One thing, doctor," observes Capt. Paul Jones, at parting: "Tell your fellow commissioners that I've cleared for the west coast of Ireland, with a purpose to go north-about around the British Islands. If you let them hear I'm off for Whitehaven, I give you my honor that, with the spy Thornton selling my blood to the English admiralty, I shall have the whole British fleet at my heels before I reach St. George's channel."

Capt. Paul Jones, in command of the *Ranger*, drops in at Whitehaven. With twenty-nine of his lads, he goes ashore of a dripping morning, pens up the sleepy garrisons of the two forts, and spikes their guns. Then, having spikes to spare, he makes useless a shore-battery, while the ballad-mongering Midshipman Hill, with six men, chases inland one hundred coast-guardsmen and militia.

Capt. Paul Jones, waxing industrious, attempts to burn the shipping which crowds the tidal basin at Whitehaven. In these fire-lighting efforts he succeeds to the extent of five ships; after which he rows out to the *Ranger*. When he is gone, the people and militia, who crown the terror-smitten hills round about, come down into their town again.

Capt. Paul Jones crosses now to the north shore of the Solway for a morning call upon the Earl of Selkirk. He schemes to capture that patrician, and trade him back to the English

"Be you well assured my Good Friend that I can never wish to become a mere adventurer of Fame & Fortune. — All Nature may draw what conclusions it pleases—from the general expression in the Commissioners letter—"that I was destined for another service"—a little time will evince that they did not mean that I was destined to command under any other than the American Flag. — In that line only I seek for Fame and here my desire is infinite. — It is true that after the Departure of the Brest Fleet I offered to accept of Comte D'Orvilliers polite invitation to accompany him as his Friend in the Bretagne. This I did because it would have afforded me an Excellent Opportunity of Acquiring Marine Knowledge from so great an Admiral and so Good a Man at a time when I must otherwise have been inactive. —

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF JONES TO JOHN ROSS DATED BREST, SEPTEMBER 6, 1778 *

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THE DUCHESS OF CHARTRES, AFTERWARD DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, WIFE OF PHILIPPE "ÉGALITÉ" AND MOTHER OF KING LOUIS PHILIPPE OF FRANCE. SHE WAS THE FRIEND OF PAUL JONES AT THE FRENCH COURT

for certain good American sailors whom they hold as prisoners. The plan falls through, since the noble earl is not at home. In lieu, the *Ranger's* crew take unto themselves the Selkirk plate, which Capt. Paul Jones subsequently buys from them, paying the ransom from his own purse, and returns with his compliments gallantly expressed in a letter to the earl.

From the Solway, the little *Ranger* stands west by north across the Irish Channel. Off Carrickfergus she finds the *Drake*, an English ship-of-war. The *Drake* is two long nines better than the *Ranger* in her broadside, and thirty-one men stronger in her crew. To save trouble, the *Ranger* is hove to off the mouth of Belfast Lough, and waits

for the *Drake* to come out. This the English ship does slowly and with difficulty, being on the wrong side of wind and tide.

"The sun is no more than an hour high," suggests Lieutenant Wallingford, wistfully. "Shouldn't we go in to meet them, sir?"

Capt. Paul Jones shakes his head.

"We've better water here," says he. "Besides, the moon will be big; we'll fight them by the light of the moon."

Slowly, reluctantly, the *Drake* forges within hail. She is in doubt about the *Ranger*.

"What ship is that?" cries the *Drake*.

Capt. Paul Jones puts his speaking-trumpet to his lips.

"The American ship *Ranger*," he replies. "Come on; we're waiting for you."

Without further parley, broadside answers broadside, and the battle is on.

Both ships head north, the *Ranger* having the weather-gauge. This last gives Capt. Paul Jones the nautical upper hand. In ship-fighting, the weather-gauge is equivalent to an underhold in wrestling.

There is a big swell on, and the two ships roll heavily. They shape their course side by side, keeping within musket-reach of each other. The sleepy breeze is on the starboard quarter, and a little faster than the ships. By this good luck, the smoke of the broadsides is sent drifting ahead, and the line of sight between the ships kept free. On they crawl, broadside talking to broadside; only the Americans are smarter with their guns, and fire three to the *Drake's* two.

Twilight now invests the scene in gray, as the sun sinks behind the close dark Irish headlands to the west. Night, cloudless and serene, comes down; the round moon shines out, and its mild rays mingle and merge with the angry glare of the battle-lanterns. Capt. Paul Jones, from his narrow quarterdeck, watches the *Drake* through his night-glass.

"Good! Very good!" he murmurs, as the *Drake's* foremast is splintered by a round shot. Then, to the Salem man who has the wheel: "Bring us a little closer, Mr. Sargent; a little closer in, if you please."

Capt. Paul Jones again rivets his glass upon the *Drake*. An exclamation escapes him. It has come upon him that his gunners are having advantage of the roll of the ships, and time their broadsides so as to catch the *Drake* when, reeling to port, she comes up on her starboard side. By this plausible maneuver those sagacious ones who train the *Ranger's* guns are sending shot after shot through and through the *Drake* between wind and water, half of them indeed below the water-line. Capt. Paul Jones, through his glass, makes out the black round-shot holes; they show as thick as cloves stuck in the rind of a Christmas ham.

"Why!" he exclaims, "this doesn't agree with my plan. I must put a stopper on such work."

Shutting up his glass, Capt. Paul Jones leaps from the after flush-deck down among his sailors. Drunk with blood,

grimed of powder, naked to the waist, the black glory of battle in their hearts, the latter are merrily working their guns. It is as he beheld from the after deck. The *Ranger* rolls to port as the *Drake*, all dripping, is fetching up her starboard side.

"Fire!" cries the master-gunner, and "Fire!" runs the word along the battery.

The long nines respond with flame and bellow! Then they race crashingly inboard with the recoil, and are caught by the breeching-tackle. With that, the savage work is all to do over again. The brawny sailormen—from Nantucket, from Martha's Vineyard, from Sag Harbor, from New London and Barnstable and Salem and Boston and Portsmouth, they are—shirtless and shoeless, barefoot and stripped to the belts, ply sponge and rammer. Again each black-throated gun is ready with a stomachful of solid shot.

"Show 'em your teeth, mates!"

The guns rattle forward on their carriages. The quick portfires stand ready, blowing their matches. There is a brief pause, as the master-gunner waits for that fatal downward roll to port that offers and opens the *Drake's* starboard side, almost to the keel.

"Ah! I see, Mr. Starbuck," begins Capt. Paul Jones sweetly, addressing the master-gunner; "your effort is to hull the enemy."

"Fire!" cries the master-gunner, for just then the *Ranger* is going down to port, while the *Drake* is coming up to starboard, and he must not waste the opportunity.

The long nines roar cheerfully, spouting fire and smoke. Then comes that crashing inboard leap, to be caught up short by the tackle. Again the sponges; again the rammers; with the busy shot-handlers working in between. And all the while the little powder-monkeys, lads of eleven and twelve, go pattering to and fro with cartridges from the magazines.

"Why, yes, sir!" responds the master-gunner, now finding time to reply to the comment of Capt. Paul Jones; "as you says, we're trying to hull her, sir."

Capt. Paul Jones makes out three new holes below the *Drake's* plank-sheer, the hopeful harvest of that last broadside.

"May I ask," demands Capt. Paul Jones, who as a mere first effect of battle never fails of a rippling amiability—"may I ask, Mr. Starbuck, your design in thus aiming below her water-line?"

"Saving your presence, Captain, we designs to sink the bitch."

"Precisely! That is what I surmised! To a quick seaman like yourself, Mr. Starbuck, a word will do. I don't want her sunk, d'ye see! I want to bring her into France as an object-lesson, and show the Frenchmen what Americans can do. Under the circumstances, Mr. Starbuck, I shall be vastly obliged if you'll let her hull alone. It will take Mr. Hitchburn,

our carpenter, a week as it is"—this comes off reproachfully—"to stop the holes you've already made. And so, Mr. Starbuck, from now on comb her decks and cut her up in the spars as much as ever you like, but please keep off her hull."

"Ay, ay, sir!" says the master-gunner, saluting. Then: "Pass the word that we're to leave her hull alone. Cap'n has set his heart on catching her alive."

With that the plan of attack finds reversal, the *Ranger* now firing as she comes up to port, and when only a narrow streak of the *Drake's* starboard beam is visible above the waves.

Capt. Paul Jones remains among the sailors, canvassing, in a gratified way, the results of this change. While thus engaged, portfire Anthony Jeremiah grins up at him, meanwhile blowing his match to keep it lighted.

"You enjoy yourself, I see, Jerry," remarks Capt. Paul Jones; who, as ob-



MADAME HOUDETOT, WIFE OF GENERAL HOUDETOT AND FRIEND OF J. J. ROUSSEAU. SHE WAS ONE OF THE FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PARISIAN SALONS

served, is never so affable as when guns are crashing, blood is flowing and splinters are flying.

"Me like to hear the big guns talk, Captain," responds the Indian. "It gives Jerry a good heart."

Capt. Paul Jones again swings his glass on the *Drake*. He is just in time to see her fore and main top-sail-yards come down onto the caps by the run. The last broadside does that; head way gone, sails adroop, the *Drake* lies

helpless on the water, like a gull with a broken wing. In an instant, he is running aft.

"Down with your helm, Mr. Sargent!" he roars. "Pull her down for every ounce that's in you, man!"

Quartermaster Sargent, thus encouraged, climbs the wheel like a squirrel; the *Ranger's* topsails shiver; then, yielding to her helm, she slowly luffs across the helpless stern of the *Drake*.

"Aboard with those sta'board tacks!" shouts Capt. Paul Jones. Then, turning again to the wheelman: "Steady, Mr. Sargent; keep her full!"

There is a scurry across the *Ranger's* decks, as the gun-squads rush from the port to the starboard battery.

"Stand by, Mr. Starbuck," calls out Capt. Paul Jones, "to rake her as we cross her stern."

"Ay, ay, sir!" returns the master-gunner. "She shall have it for'ard and aft! We'll

split her from stern to stem like my old mother shells peascods."

"Steady, Mr. Sargent!" and again Capt. Paul Jones cautions the alert wheelman. "Keep her as she is!"

The guns are swung, and depressed so as to tear the poor *Drake* open from sternpost to cutwater at one discharge. The *Ranger* gathers head; slowly she makes ready to cross her enemy's stern so close that one might chuck a biscuit aboard. It is a moment fraught of life and death for the unhappy *Drake*. With her captain and first officer already dead, the situation proves beyond the second officer, on whom the responsibility of fighting or surrendering the ship devolves. His sullen British valor gives way; and he strikes his colors just in time to avoid that raking fire, which would else have snuffed him off the face of the sea.

"Outfought, outmanaged and outsailed!" exclaims Capt. Paul Jones.

Lieutenant Hall, flushed of combat, comes up.

"We have beaten them, Captain!" exults Lieutenant Hall.

"We've done more than that, Mr. Hall," responds Capt. Paul Jones. "We have defeated an aphorism. For the first time in the history of the sea, a lighter ship, with a smaller crew and a weaker battery, has whipped an Englishman."

X

THE DUCHESS OF CHARTRES

It is a notable gathering that assembles at Doctor Franklin's house in Passy. Mr. Adams and his wife have just arrived, and the doctor presents them to Madame Brillon and Madame Houdetot, already there.

"Mr. Adams is but recently come from America," the doctor whispers. "He takes Mr. Deane's place as a member of our commission."

Madame Houdetot talks with Mrs. Adams; and because of her bad English and the other's bad French they get on badly.

"Mr. Lee sends his compliments," observes Mr. Adams loftily to Doctor Franklin, "and regrets that he cannot come. He heard, I understand, that Capt. Paul Jones is to be here, and does not care to meet him."

"No?" responds the doctor, evincing scanty concern at the failure of Mr. Lee to come. "Now, I do not wonder! I hear that Captain Jones thrashed Mr. Lee's secretary in a tavern in Nantes, and our proud Mr. Lee, I suppose, resents it."

"Thrashed him!" exclaims Mr. Adams, in high tones. "Captain Jones seized a stick and beat him like a dog, applying to him the while such epithets as 'liar!' and 'spy!' Mr. Lee's secretary has left France through fear of him."

The portly doctor lifts his hands at this; but underneath his deprecatory horror, hides a complacency, a satisfaction, as though the violences of Captain Jones will not leave him utterly unstrung.

"He fights everybody," says the good doctor, resignedly; "on land as well as on sea. Nor can I teach him the difference between his own personal enemies and the enemies of his country."

"He seems a bit unruly," observes the pompous Mr. Adams; "a bit unruly, does this Captain Jones of yours. I'm told he sold the *Drake*, and what other ships were captured in his recent cruise, in the most high-handed, masterful way."

"What else was he to do? When a road becomes impassable, what is your course? You push down a panel of fence and go crosslots. Captain Jones had two hundred prisoners to feed, besides his own brave crew of one hundred and eighteen. We had no money to give him. Were they to starve? I'm not surprised that he sold the ships."

"I'm surprised that the Frenchmen bought them," returns Mr. Adams. "Captain Jones could give no title."

Doctor Franklin's keen eyes twinkle.

"He could give possession, Mr. Adams. And let me tell you that in France, as everywhere else, possession is nine parts of the law."

Madame Brillon draws Mr. Adams aside, while Doctor Franklin welcomes the beautiful royal girl, the Duchess of Chartres, to whom he later presents Mr. Adams and Mrs. Adams. Madame Houdetot leaves Mrs. Adams with the girl-duchess, and talks aside with Doctor Franklin.

"I did not know," she whispers, with an eye on the girlish duchess, "that you received calls from royalty."

"The Duchess of Chartres has been with her great relative, the king, upon business

of our Captain Jones. She comes to meet the captain, whom we every moment expect."

"She is in love with him!—madly in love with him!" says Madame Houdetot. "All the world knows it."

The doctor, who at seventy-two is a distinguished gallant, smiles sympathetically.

"Did I not once tell you that Captain Jones, the invincible among men, is the ir-

resistible among women?" he asks.

"Something of the sort, I think. But you had heard of the duchess and your irresistible-invincible one, had you not?"

"My dear madame, I am a diplomat," replies the doctor, slyly. "And it is an infraction of the laws of diplomacy to tell what you hear."

"They have been very tender at the duchess' summer house near Brest."

"And the husband—the Duke of Chartres?"

"A most excellent gentleman! A most admirable husband, of most unimpeachable domestic manners! Believe me, I cannot laud him too highly! Every husband in France should copy him! He honors his wife and—stays aboard his ship, the *Saint Esprit*." After a pause, the gossip Madame Houdetot continues: "No

* If I have any Abilities they shall be exerted to the Utmost—and I am under no fear of disorders under my command—since I shall treat Persons who behave well and do thier Duty with all Possible civility—And such as misbehave must take the consequences agreeable to the Rules and Regulations which Congress have Instituted for the Government of our Marine. Be assured that very few prospects could afford me so true a Satisfaction as that of rendering some Acceptable Service to the common Cause and at the same time relieving from Captivity by furnishing the means of exchange for our Unfortunate fellow Subjects who are Prisoners of War in the Hands of our Enemies.

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EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF PAUL JONES, WRITTEN AT L'ORIENT, MAY 1, 1779, JUST BEFORE THE SAILING OF THE *BON HOMME RICHARD**

Duchess of Chartres.

"Rather, he is a *big* man," replies the philosopher. "Like some houses, his foundations cover a deal of ground; but then he is only one story high. If you could raise Mr. Adams another story, he would be a *great* man."

The good doctor goes over and becomes polite to Mrs. Adams; for the enlightenment of that lady of reserve and dignity, he expands on France and the French character.

Suddenly the door is thrown open, and all unannounced a queer figure rushes in. She is clad in rumpled muslin and soiled lutestring. Her hair is frizzed, her face painted, her cap awry, and she is—as saith the poet—fat, fair and forty. This remarkable apparition embraces Doctor Franklin, kisses him resoundingly first on the left cheek and then on the right, crying:

"My flame!—my love!—my Franklin!"

The seasoned doctor receives this caressing broadside steadily, while the desolated Mrs. Adams sits staring, round-eyed and stony.

"It is the eccentric Madame Helvetius," explains Madame Brillon in a low tone to Mrs. Adams. "They call her the 'Rich

doubt the duke considers his wife's rank. Is the great-granddaughter of the Great Louis to be held within those narrow lines that confine the feet of other women?"

"Who is this Mr. Adams?" asks Madame Brillon, coming up. "Is he a great man?"

Doctor Franklin glances across, where the austere Mr. Adams is stiffly posing, with a final thought of impressing the sparkling

Widow of Passy.' She and the good doctor are dearest friends."

"Eccentric!" Mrs. Adams perceives as much, and says so.

Doctor Franklin again turns to Mrs. Adams, whom he suspects of being hungry for an explanation, while the buoyant Madame Helvetius, as one sure of her impregnable position, wanders confidently about the room.

"You should become acquainted with Madame Helvetius," submits the doctor pleasantly. "Wise, generous, afire for our cause—you would dote on her."

Mrs. Adams icily fears not.

"Believe me, you would!" insists the doctor. "True, her manners are of her people and her region; they are not those of Puritan New England."

Mrs. Adams interrupts to say that she has never before heard so much said in favor of Puritan New England.

"And yet, my dear Mrs. Adams," goes on the good doctor, as one determined to conquer for Madame Helvetius the other's favorable opinion, "you would do wrong to apply a New England judgment to our friend. Her exuberance is of the surface." Then, quizzically: "A mere manner, I assure you, and counts for no more than should what she is doing now."

Mrs. Adams lifts her severe gaze at this to Madame Helvetius. That amiable Frenchwoman is in rapt and closest converse with Mr. Adams, hand on his shoulder, her widowed lips close to his ear. Mr. Adams is standing as one planet-struck, casting ever and anon a furtive glance, like an alarmed sheep, at Mrs. Adams. For an arctic moment, Mrs. Adams is frozen by the terrors of that spectacle; then she moves to her husband's rescue.

Madame Helvetius comes presently to Doctor Franklin.

"What an iceberg!" she remarks, with a toss of the frizzled head toward Mr. Adams. "Does he ever thaw?" Then, as her glance takes in Mrs. Adams: "Poor man! He might be August, missing her. It is she who congeals him."

And now he for whom they wait is announced—Capt. Paul Jones. He has about him everything of the salon and nothing of the sea. His amiable yet polished good breeding wins on Mrs. Adams; even the repellent, wintry Mr. Adams is rendered urbane. Capt. Paul Jones becomes the

instant center of the little assemblage. And yet, even while he gives his words to the others, his glances rove softly to the girl-duchess, who stands apart, as might one who for a space—only for a space—permits room to others. The girl-duchess is polite; she grants him what time is required to offer his greetings all around. Then, in the most open, obvious way, as though none might criticise or gainsay her conduct, she draws him into a secluded corner. They make a rare study, these two; he deferential yet dominant, she proud but yielding.

"Did you see the king?" he asks.

"See him? Am I not, too, a Bourbon?" This came off with fire.

"Surely! Of course you saw him!" responds Capt. Paul Jones, recalling his manner to one of easy matter-of-fact. "Your Royal Highness will pardon my inquiry."

The girl-duchess objects petulantly to the "Royal Highness."

"From you I do not like it," she says. "From you"—and here comes a flood of softness, while her black eyes shine like strange jewels—"from you, as you know, my friend, I would have only those titles that, arm-encircled, heart to heart, a man gives to the one woman of his soul's hope."

Her voice sinks at the close, while her eyes leave his for the floor. His presence is like a gale, and she bends before him as the willow bends before the strong wind. Meanwhile, as instructive to Mr. Adams, the loud doctor is saying:

"No, sir; you must have a wig. No one sees the king without a wig."

"We talked an hour—the king and I," goes on the girl-duchess, recovering herself. "I read him your letter; he was interested. Then I told him how the *Ranger* had been called to America. Also I drew him pictures of what you had done; and how bravely you had fought, not only your enemies, but his enemies and the enemies of France. And, oh!"—here again the black eyes take on that perilous softness—"I can be eloquent when I talk of you!"

Capt. Paul Jones at this looks tender things, as though he also might be eloquent, let him but pick subject and audience and place. Altogether, there is much to support the gossip-loving Madame Houdetot in what she has said concerning that summer house at Brest. The voice of the good doctor again takes precedence.

"Until then it had been an axiom of naval Europe that no one on even terms, guns and men and ship, could whip the British on the ocean."

The doctor and Mr. Adams are discussing the *Ranger* and the *Drake*, a topic that has been rocking France.

"Yes," goes on the girl-duchess, with a further dulcet flash of those eyes fed of fire and romance, "you are to have a ship. Here is the king's order to his minister of marine—the shuffler De Sartine. Now there shall be no more shuffling." She gives Capt. Paul Jones the orders. "The ship is the *Duras*, lying at L'Orient."

"The *Duras*!" exclaims Capt. Paul Jones. "An ex-Indiaman!—a good ship too; she mounts forty guns." Then, as his gaze rests on Doctor Franklir, laying down diplomatic law and fact to Mr. Adams, who listens with a preposterously conceited cock to his head: "What say you, my friend—my best, my dearest friend? Let us rename the *Duras* for the good doctor. Shall we not call her the *Bon Homme Richard*?"

The girl-duchess looks her acquiescence to the proposal, as she would to any proposal from so near and sweet and dear a quarter. Thus the *Bon Homme Richard* is born, and the *Duras* disappears. The doctor, unconscious of the honor done him, is saying to Madame Helvetius, whose fat arm is thrown across his philosophic shoulder:

"With pleasure, madame! It is arranged; I shall dine at your house to-morrow."

The girl-duchess and Capt. Paul Jones hear nothing of these prandial arrangements for the morrow. They are again in whispered talk; and, for all they talk rapidly, they say more with their eyes than with their lips.

"Lastly"—and here the words of the girl-duchess grow distinct—"your ship, they tell me, will need refitting. That will take money, my friend; and so, I hand you this letter to my banker, Gourlade, instructing him to set ten thousand louis to your credit."

Capt. Paul Jones puts the letter of credit aside. "You do not understand!" he says. "De Chaumont has——"

"You *must* take it!" interrupts the girl-duchess, her eyes beginning to swim.

"You shall not put to sea and risk your life, and the ship not half prepared!"

"I can more easily risk my life a thousand times, than permit you to give me money."

As Capt. Paul Jones says this, a resentful red is burning on his brow. Doctor Franklin breaks in from over the way, with:

"You should not too much listen to Mr. Lee, sir. I tell you that the French merchants have offered to send Captain Jones to sea as admiral of an entire fleet of privateers, and he refused. Have my word, sir, the last thing he thinks on is money."

The girl-duchess is gazing reproachfully at Capt. Paul Jones. At last she speaks slowly and with a kind of sadness:

"I do not give you money—do not offer it. What! money and—you? Never!" Then proudly: "I give my money to the Cause." After this high note is struck, the flash dies down; the black eyes again go wavering to the floor, while the voice retreats to the old soft whisper. "It is my heart that I give to you."

The strident, unmollified tones of Mr. Adams get possession of the field. He is condemning the French press.

"They declare, sir," he is saying, "that I am not the celebrated Mr. Adams; and that I am a cipher, a fanatic and a bigot."

Doctor Franklin laughs.

"What harm is there in the French papers, sir?" he returns. "Give them no heed, sir, give them no heed!"

Madame Brillon makes preparations to depart; Madame Houdetot, Mrs. Adams and the rest adopt her example. And still the girl-duchess holds Capt. Paul Jones to herself:

"I am to have one evening—one before you go?" she pleads; and her tones are a woman's tones and deeply wistful, and not in any respect the tones of a Bourbon.

"One evening? You shall have every evening—ay! and every day."

"Remember!" and, as she makes ready to go, the girl-duchess takes firmer command of her manner and her voice; "remember! You have promised to lay an English frigate at my feet."

"That I shall do—or lay my bones away in the Atlantic!"

The girl-duchess shivers at this picture, and, as though for reassurance, steals her slim hand into his.

(To be continued)

How to Keep Well

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



AM a doctor, and the son of a doctor who has practiced medicine for sixty-five years, and is still practicing.

I am fifty years old; my father is eighty-five. We live in the same house, and daily we ride horseback together or tramp the fields.

To-day we did our five miles and back cross-country.

I have never been ill a day—never consulted a physician in a professional way, and in fact, never missed a meal through inability to eat. As for the author of "A Message to Garcia," he holds, esoterically, to the idea that the hot pedaluvia and small doses of hop-tea will cure most ailments that are curable, and so far all of his own ails have been curable—a point he can prove.

The value of the pedaluvia lies in a tendency to equalize circulation, not to mention the little matter of sanitation; and the efficacy of the hops lies largely in the fact that they are bitter.

Both of these prescriptions give the patient the soothing thought that something is being done for him, and at worst can never harm him.

My father and I are not fully agreed on all of life's themes, so existence for us never resolves itself into a dull, neutral gray.

We have daily resorts to logic to prove prejudices, and history is ransacked to bolster the preconceived, but on the following points we stand solid as one man:

1.—Ninety-nine people out of a hundred who go to a physician have no organic disease, but are merely suffering from some symptom of their own indiscretion.

2.—Individuals who have diseases, nine times out of ten, are suffering from the accumulated evil effects of medication.

3.—Hence we get the proposition: Most diseases are the result of medication which has been prescribed to relieve and remove a beneficent warning symptom on the part of Nature.

4.—Most of the work of doctors in the

past has been to treat symptoms; the difference between a disease and a symptom being something the average man does not even yet know.

The people you see waiting in the lobbies of doctors' offices are, in a vast majority of cases, suffering through poisoning caused by an excess of food. Coupled with this go the bad results of imperfect breathing, improper use of stimulants, lack of exercise, irregular sleep, or holding the thought of fear, jealousy and hate. All of these things, or any one of them, will, in very many persons, cause fever, chills, congestion, cold feet and faulty elimination.

To administer drugs to a man suffering from malnutrition caused by a desire to "get even," and a lack of fresh air, is simply to compound his troubles, shuffle his maladies and shift his pain from one place to another, getting him ripe for the ether-cone and scalpel.

Nature is always and forever trying hard to keep people well, and most so-called "disease"—which word means merely the lack of ease—is self-limiting, and tends to cure itself. If you have no appetite, do not eat. If you have appetite, do not eat too much. Be moderate in the use of everything, except fresh air and sunshine.

The one theme of Ecclesiastes is moderation. Buddha wrote it down that the greatest word in any language was equanimity. William Morris said the finest blessing of life was systematic, useful work. St. Paul declared the greatest thing in the world was love. Moderation, Equanimity, Work and Love—let these be your physicians, and you will need no other.

And in so stating I lay down a proposition agreed to by all physicians, against which no argument can be raised; which was expressed by Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, and repeated in better phrase by Epictetus, the slave, to his pupil, the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius; and which has been known to every thinking man and woman since. Moderation, Equanimity, Work and Love!



MAXINE ELLIOTT, WHOSE NEW PLAY, "HER GREAT MATCH," IS BY
CLYDE FITCH

That Uncertain Person—the American Dramatist

BY ACTON DAVIES

WITH all the theaters in full blast again and with so many novelties on view, it sounds odd, to say the least, to hear the managers, the critics and the public alike crying as with one voice, "Give us a play—a real play." And yet that is exactly the wail which is going up from all quarters at the present moment. And there is good reason for it, too, for rarely if ever has the

percentage of theatrical failures proved so large as it has this season. Theater-goers, sick and tired of musical comedy, spectacle and extravaganza of every brand and ilk, would rush to a really big success now with a unanimity which would be sure to keep the "Standing-room Only" sign on active service for the entire season; but, although the number of theaters in New York has more than doubled in the last few seasons, the percentage of successes has rarely been smaller than it is just now. It is just the



JOHN DREW, WHO HAS AN AUGUSTUS THOMAS
PLAY THIS SEASON



ARNOLD DALY, WHOSE SUCCESS WITH BERNARD
SHAW'S COMEDIES HAS BEEN VERY GREAT

same in all the other big cities of this country. In Chicago or San Francisco, the metropolis and the smallest one-night stand, you will hear play-goers making the same remark: "Why don't the managers give us good strong plays—plays in which the characters have good red blood and something approaching backbone?" And on every hand, and with perfect truth, the managers reply: "We can't get them. That's the reason. There are only a very few men who can write them any more." One or two may go even farther



E. H. SOTHERN, WHO CONTINUES TO PLAY
SHAKESPEAREAN RÔLES

than this, as one did the other day when he remarked: "It's all very well to blame the managers and to roast the playwrights for laziness, unoriginality or any of the other score of deadly sins that a playwright is likely to be addicted to, but all the same it occurs to me that part of the blame for the present lack of good plays belongs to the public. Theater-goers have been pampered too much. Superb production has been piled upon superb production until their eyes have become tired, their senses deadened, and now they, and



EDNA MAY, NOW IN THIS COUNTRY WITH THE ENGLISH MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON"

the critics too, have come to a time when they expect too much of both the playwright and the manager. The dramatists will tell you that there are no more sensational effects that can be staged. When it comes to farces, the playwright bangs his head up against a stone wall. All the situations have been used. And besides, from my own experience, I'm

lives and loves of every-day people, they will come nearer giving the public what it really wants. The public doesn't want plays of any particular nationality. As long as a play has human nature in it, theater-goers will accept it. But most of the writers for the stage in pursuing their calling have acquired so much of the atmosphere of the theater, and so little of



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ROBERT LORAINE, WHO HAS MADE A DECIDED HIT IN NEW YORK
WITH SHAW'S "MAN AND SUPERMAN"

inclined to think that the public no longer wants farces. What the public really wants no manager can entirely fathom. If he could, he wouldn't be a manager: he'd be a multimillionaire. But I do think that as soon as the playwrights begin to deal more directly with the incidents of our own every-day life here in America, when they drop writing what are known as society plays and deal with the

the ozone of the world-at-large, that they breathe into the characters the breath of the stage itself rather than the breath of real life."

Now the man who made these remarks certainly ought to know something of what he is talking about, for in the last ten years he has produced more successes and also more failures than any one manager in America.



ELEANOR ROBSON

That there is a desire on the public's part to see plays which deal sensibly with the situations of every-day life in our country has evidently been felt by nearly all producers, for there is scarcely one of them who does not announce at least two or three American plays for production this year.

That long-looked-for Dawn of the American Dramatist may be coming this season—who knows? All we can say is that it is a long time getting to that dawn.

At the present moment the fact remains, that there are only two American dramatists from whom a manager can buy a play



FRITZI SCHEFF, WHO HAS GONE FROM GRAND INTO COMIC OPERA

feeling almost certain that it will prove a success. One is David Belasco, the other is William Gillette. Each has been writing for the stage for the better part of thirty years, and each is a master of stage technique. Their records speak for them. Mr. Belasco once wrote a very bad farce called "Naughty Anthony," and Mr. Gillette once lost a lot of money in a play of his own called "Ninety Days." Mr. Belasco writes one play a year; Mr. Gillette one in every three or four—just as often, in fact, as he needs a new rôle for himself to play. This season will see a new play from each of them, and it is the best criterion of their standing with the theater-going public to state what is actually a fact, that there is more keen interest on the part of theater-goers already shown with regard to the



JULIA MARLOWE



VIRGINIA HARNED

production of "The Girl From the Golden West" and "Clarice" than concerning any other of the prospective productions of the season.

Mr. Bronson Howard, who for many years was regarded as a sure winner by the managers, has dropped out of theatricals almost entirely. Mr. Clyde Fitch, the most prolific of them all, is by no means regarded as a certainty in managerial eyes. Last week he may have handed out another play as good as "The Climbers," but that wouldn't prevent him from, with the best intentions in the world, giving the same manager to-morrow morning another "Major André" or "The Coronet of the Duchess." Many managers have a right to rise up and call him blessed, but equally others have just as good cause to curse the day they bought a play from him.

For many of them he has made fortunes; for others he has scored only failures. A desperately hard worker at all times, Mr. Fitch faces his occasional failures with no end of pluck. In one respect, at least, he stands alone among the American dramatists. Not only can he turn out more plays in a given time than any of his contemporaries, but he succeeds in making a very large percentage of his plays acceptable to the public. When I say acceptable here, I don't mean that more than one out of ten of them will prove a really big success, but at least six or seven of them will prove profitable vehicles for some star for at least one season, and possibly for two. At the same time, the men and women who sincerely admire the fine plays which Mr. Fitch has written cannot but regret his second-rate and carelessly constructed ventures. If Mr. Fitch would stop writing for a year or so, he might then turn out a really big play. Mr. Augustus Thomas, who now deservedly ranks very high in favor with the managers, has had almost as many ups and downs as a playwright as Mr. Fitch. In his old days he wrote "Alabama," and then he also wrote that dreadful thing called "New Blood," and while remembering with delight his charming "In Mizzoura" and "Arizona," I have equally vivid but far less grateful recollections of "Reckless Temple" and "Colorado." But in one respect Mr. Thomas has left Mr. Fitch far behind. His construction has grown steadily finer. His "The Earl of Pawtucket" could not have been more delicately dovetailed in its climaxes and

situations if it had been the work of Bisson or any of the other crack Parisian masters of farce. His later pieces have nearly all been very light comedy, and since "Arizona" there has been missing in his plays that note of big, manly tenderness which had proved one of his great merits. Mr. Thomas writes best about all out-of-doors, as it were; his society characters are usually unreal, while he can sketch a mountaineer or some rough or blunt West-

ern character to the very life. The lines of his comedies are, as a rule, so clever that they make even some of his society puppets seem almost human for the moment.

Mr. George Ade, since he turned playwright, has traveled under such an extraordinarily lucky star that until very recently the managers, in fighting for the rights to his material, did not believe that it was possible for him to fail. And yet only a few short nights ago his new piece, upon which such high hopes had been built, scored a failure in New York. It was so unlike the Ade of yesteryear that it was almost impossible to conceive how he could ever have written the piece.

Mr. Paul Potter may be mentioned as another American dramatist who will have several irons in the theatrical fire this season. His splendid play, "Trilby," still stands out after ten years of continuous playing in many parts of the globe as an exceptionally tender and human drama, but just at present Mr. Potter is devoting himself to writing musical comedies. His last success in this line was "The School-Girl."



WILLIAM COLLIER, WHOSE GREATEST SUCCESS HAS BEEN IN RICHARD HARDING DAVIS' COMEDY, "THE DICTATOR"

Fate of the Brown Empire

Will France, Germany or the
Pretender accomplish the
Fall of Morocco's Dynasty?

BY VANCE THOMPSON



BU-HAMANA, THE PRETENDER. FROM THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF THE REBEL CHIEFTAIN. THE FAITHFUL ARE FORBIDDEN TO HAVE THEMSELVES PICTURED IN ANY WAY

I

"THE MOROCCAN QUESTION"

IF the earth were a peacock," says the proverb, "its tail would be Morocco."

And so, with Oriental imagery, the Moroccan sums up the splendor of his land—which is indeed a land of blueskies, of mountains green as a turban, of prairies the color of wrapping-paper; a land of white cloaks and veiled women, of galloping horses and grisly heads stuck on pikes; a land of mystery and yellow loot and impossible romance. There for centuries life went very well. Nothing happened; few things changed. Sultans ruled and robbed; the wild tribesmen raided; all was for the best in that eminently Oriental kingdom; until the coming of the Scot—

This Scottish adventurer bore the good name of MacLean. He had been an officer in the British army. His wants outran his means. He crossed from Gibraltar and took refuge in Morocco. Of all men your

Scot is the most adaptable. He fits easily into every landscape. In a little while MacLean had gained the good will of the young sultan of those parts, Mulai Abd-el-Aziz. He was raised to the dignity of caid, but his real occupation was that of amusement-purveyor. All the toys of civilization—borne painfully on the backs of camels from the port of Laroche—were brought to Fez. Billiard-tables and pianos, cabs, bicycles, automobiles, phonographs, a cinematograph, kodaks and cameras—with these marvels the wily Scot charmed his brown master. The faithful were grieved and amazed. At times they saw the descendant of the Prophet, his *djellaba* tucked up round his waist, speeding a bicycle in the avenues of the Aguedal; again, rubber-coated, goggled, he passed them on the roads, driving a monstrous car and forty hoofless horses. And the faithful dreamed darkly of revolt, for these were deeds unworthy of prophetic blood.

In the mean time the Caid MacLean had passed the word to his white brethren that the crumbling empire of Morocco was rich in copper-mines, in arable soil and navigable rivers; was a burden worth assuming.

Very soon throughout Europe financier was whispering to financier, and out of the whispering there came that dark and troubled thing, the Moroccan question.

It is not simple, this question of Morocco.

A skein of silk with which a kitten has had his way, may stand for it fairly—now that the diplomatists of Europe have purred and pawed over it. Tangled as it is, it is worth while pulling the threads apart, for this brown empire is the trouble-spot of the Old World. And in Paris—as in Berlin—the masters of the hour are looking to their weapons.

To get a clear view of the matter one need

MacLean sent abroad news of the mineral riches of the land. English diplomacy—always alertly in touch with financial opportunities—made the first move. On April 8, 1904, England signed a treaty with France—the most extraordinary treaty that has been signed in our generation. France gave up her old interests in Egypt and, by way of return, England presented her with Morocco. It does not seem to have occurred to the French statesmen that Morocco was not England's to give—that she might as well have "given" them the state of Rhode Island or the isles of Zealand. France, however, dreaming vaguely of copper riches, was mightily pleased with the gift.

Indeed, so blithe was her joy that English diplomacy took alarm. Having given France a right of way in Morocco, England set about erecting a barrier across that right of way. Six months later she signed a treaty with Spain. By this agreement England gave to Spain the town of Tangier—the only great port of Morocco—and neutralized Ceuta and the Moroccan coast from Melilla to the right bank of the Sebu. In other words, she divided the brown empire between France and Spain.

At this point Germany began to take notice. Possibly the economic side might become important; of greater moment was the question of German prestige in the Orient. A Latin protectorate over Morocco was a blow aimed at the *Welt-Politik* of Germany. The kaiser's answer was prompt and theatric. A German embassy went bearing

gifts and threats to the sultan; and German troops were massed along the French frontier. France kept the peace only by disavowing and dismissing her minister of foreign affairs.

The question of Morocco was raised to the dignity of an international quarrel.

And while the nations quarrel it is a time of respite for the crumbling empire and its brown lord.

Let us now take a look at this ruler and his land, which is the latest victim of the passion for partition among the physically stronger nations.



OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF UDJA, STORM-CENTER OF REBELLION IN MOROCCO

go no further back than the treaty of Madrid. This was the agreement by which the great powers gave bonds to keep the peace, so far as Morocco was concerned. The trade at that time was of no great importance. Not yet had the MacLean spied out the land. England and France supplied the four chief articles of import—tea, sugar, candles and cotton; a simple and sober man, the Moor drank the tea and sugar by candlelight and wrapped himself in a white cotton cloak. Germany cared not at all for her share in this meager trade. There had been no Moroccan question had not the Caid



MULAI ABD-EL-AZIZ, SULTAN OF MOROCCO, RECEIVING FROM HIS INTERPRETER THE ACCOUNTS OF THE EUROPEAN PRESS CONCERNING MOROCCO

II

THE RULER OF THE LAND

Ten years ago—it was in June—Mulai-el-Hassan and his vizier, Ba-Ahmed, were making war on the turbulent tribesmen of the Tadla. One night the old sultan called Ba-Ahmed to his tent and said, "The sickness is on me and I cannot live; see to it and

bring my son Mulai to the throne." Then he covered his face and died. The vizier concealed this death from the turbulent chiefs of the army. He announced that the old sultan was ill, but had ordered the army to march toward Rabat and the coast. And the army marched. In a closed palanquin the body was carried along; at times the vizier drew the curtains and made pretense of converse with Mulai-el-Hassan and



LIEUTENANT MOUGIN, CHIEF OF THE FRENCH MILITARY MISSION, DRILLING THE SULTAN'S TROOPS ON THE ALGERIAN FRONTIER



GEORGE DELBREL, THE PRETENDER'S CHIEF ADVISER

offered cups of green tea and food. For eight days the army followed the closed palanquin and wondered at a cloud of flies. Then it came to Rabat at night. The young prince Mulai Abd-el-Aziz came to meet his father, and the faithful vizier hailed the lad as sultan; and the army acclaimed, though an elder son—the rightful heir—was in their ranks. So at sixteen he came to the throne.

Under the parasol of red and gold, mounted on a white horse, he followed his father's body to the mosque; and as he rode he wept; this was deemed unmanly and it was said against him that he had been bred by the Circassian slave, his mother Lalla Rekia, and was a "Sultan of

women." The old vizier, however, was a man. He hurried the young ruler on to Fez. On his orders, the Pasha of Fez summoned the people to the mosque to "hear the reading of a letter of the sultan." When the doors were closed and guarded, he announced the death of the old sultan and the elevation of Mulai Abd-el-Aziz.

"And now," he added, "if anyone has anything to say, let him say it."

The silence was eloquent of loyalty; and this was the coronation of the Sultan Mulai Abd-el-Aziz. For six years he reigned and the old vizier governed. At the beginning of this century Ba-Ahmed died. A tall, fat, beardless youth, the color of parched coffee, the sultan was left to rule alone, with the aid of his maghzen—or ministry. (It is from this word, by the way, that our word magazine is derived.) The chief minister is Ben Sliman, who is "minister of the sea"; the second is Guebbas, minister of war; but Abd-el-Aziz does not heed them. To the scandal of the faithful, he puts his trust in the Caid MacLean, who is a white heretic. For four years now he has listened to the heretic Scot. In an intermittent and petulant way he has tried to Europeanize his somber and musty empire. He has thrust

vague reforms and innovations upon his subjects, who one and all are faithful to Islam. In this way he has made for himself a "Moroccan question" and pulled down on his head a dynastic rebellion.

MEETING OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY WITH THE SULTAN'S ESCORT
NEAR LARASH

Two years ago the Caid MacLean persuaded him to change the ancient system of taxation, decreed by the Koran. In place of it he established a sort of property-tax—the *tertib*—which the tribesmen could neither understand nor pay. A rebellion broke out. It was headed by a pretender to the throne—a Rogui who called himself “The Man on the She-Ass,” Bu-Hamama, and claimed to be the elder disinherited brother of the sultan. In the region of Taza, in all the northeast of Morocco, the tribes gathered round the standard of the rebel. The

the Caid MacLean whispered ambitious projects to him and showed him how he could transform his decrepit empire—by calling in the White Man. Came, too, the French ambassador, Saint-René de Taillandier, and whispered in his other ear. And which he feared the more—the White Man or the *djehad*, the Holy War, which should dethrone him, Mulai Abd-el-Aziz knew not at all.

Opportunely his white friends—as always the white nations do—began to quarrel as to whether Codlin was the friend, or Short.



FRENCH EMBASSY EN ROUTE TO FEZ TO CONFER WITH SULTAN CONCERNING THE REBELLION.
M. DE TAILLANDIER ON HORSEBACK IN CENTER

sultan went out against them with an army. He was beaten in battle. He got back to Fez, without glory, only in time to damp down in blood an insurrection that had broken out at his palace gates. This was in the beginning of 1903. Mulai Abd-el-Aziz kept his throne and learned a lesson. He realized that he had to choose between Europe and Morocco—between the scarlet automobile and the white horse—between the heretic MacLean and Islam. It was not easy to take a stand. The august and savage wisdom of Ben Sliman and Guebbas warned him he was gaming with his throne;

And the sultan cried “Bismillah!” and left the matter to fate.

And that rebel, who for a year has carried civil war across Morocco, is he really the disinherited son of Mulai-el-Hassan? The Berber tribes of the northeast aver it; and it may be true, for the denials of the maghzen are of no moment. In any case his strength increases daily. The fanatic sons of Islam troop to him. And the Rogui goes out to meet them. In one hand he carries a photograph of the sultan—in the other the Koran; and from the holy book he reads the verse which forbids the faithful to have

themselves pictured in any way. And with great cries the faithful curse Mulai Abd-el-Aziz, a renegade, like the Is-Karioth.

The Pretender has shown good soldier-ship; nor is he without statesmanly parts. In the White Man—in those Frenchmen of Algiers—he sees the greatest menace to his success; and he has forbidden all communication between Morocco and Algeria and has stopped the commerce in cattle, wool and hides. There are many sides to the Moroccan question.

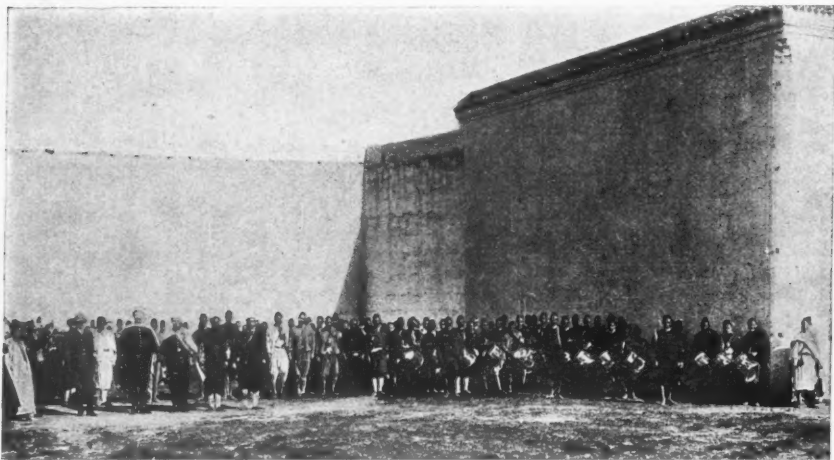
III

THE LAND AND THE LOOT

How comes it that Germany is willing to tempt the chances of war for the sake of far-away Morocco?

equivalent to those of England; and if not, she must perish or destroy her rival. Now Germany is looking for the equivalent of India in China; she seeks her Egypt in Mesopotamia. German friendship for Islam is natural; upon the Mohammedan world her commercial future depends. And her sea-route to the Orient is by way of the Mediterranean; with England holding Gibraltar, this way would be closed to her unless Morocco were kept friendly or neutral. And if Morocco is not worth fighting for by reason of its metals and hides, Germany must maintain her position there for the sake of her vital interests in Turkey and the pan-Islamic world.

And this fact the far-seeing wisdom of English diplomacy discerned. In giving Morocco to France and Spain she did her best to stop Germany's onset toward the



SULTAN'S BAND AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF FEZ

To be sure, the moment was opportune for attacking France, with the Russian ally tied and baited in the Far East; but the quarrel over Morocco was less an episode than a pretext. Not all the copper and cattle in the Maghreb would tempt Germany to draw the sword. The reasons are more imperative. More than any other industrial nation Germany needs outlets for her manufactured goods. The question she has to face is whether the world is big enough for two Englands. If the world be indeed big enough for two such powers, Germany must find markets economically

East—that *Drang nach Osten* whereof the kaiser dreams. France in making peace with German ambition acts wisely and well, for she has little to fear from Teutonic activity in the Orient; and ere this she has burnt her fingers pulling English chestnuts from the fire of international dispute.

It would seem to be a quarrel in which the United States have no part. Once, by a splendid impulse, American ships swept the brown corsairs from the European waters they had harried for centuries; and took no pay. To the Yankee adventurer Morocco offers few temptations. Of those riches



FRENCH EMBASSY ENTERING THE GREAT GATE OF FEZ

which may be easily got at, the most important are the great forests; but not for many a year will the lumber be brought down to the sea.

"The building of a railway," said the sultan the other day (and he spoke to the French ambassador), "would mean the rising of all my people in a Holy War against the infidel—the first stroke of the pickax would be the signal."

And the Moroccan is an eminent fighting-man—not the brigands of the Riff, not the Arabs tending sheep, but the sons of those grim Asiatics who conquered northern Africa in the long ago. Not lightly will he be brought to heel.

As to the mineral riches of the land nothing definite can be said. The Caid MacLean speaks in terms of hopeful avarice, but he speaks from hearsay. No competent men have prospected in those turbulent hills; the green sod-cover has not been turned up for ages; unquestionably copper exists; there are rumors of silver; but it is definitely known only that the crust of the earth

is fecund and rich. For the Yankee adventurer there are more compelling temptations. If one journeys not for trade or spoil, but for the mere joy of travel, Morocco is one of the most tempting countries in the world. The painters have made known the beauties of Tangier, the pearl and gate of Morocco; tourists aver that one disembarks



REBELS' HEADS ON THE BATTLEMENTS OF UDJA



MOBILIZING TROOPS IN FEZ TO MARCH AGAINST THE PRETENDER

at Tangier in a canoe and rides ashore on the back of a man; diplomatists see in the land a place of pleasant sojourn with infinite possibilities of advancement; but a new world awaits the explorer who will cross the mountainous dorsal spine of the upper country. There dwell the tribes that pay no tribute to the sultan or his rival; and there, it may be, is the heart—and withal the future—of Morocco. It is in these hills that they nurse the hope of refounding a great brown empire which shall extend from the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates to the isthmus of Suez and from the Mediterranean to the sea of Oman; a hope not wholly dark.

Only the sultan heeds it not.

He is beardless and fat and the Caid Mac-Lean has bewitched him with the White Man's water. He has forsaken the green tea of his race. The Scot has inculcated in him a perilous passion for champagne. And the White Man's drink and the White

Man's mechanical toys have separated him from his fighting-men, the faithful. Two hundred negroes guard him day and night. Slaves taste his meat and drink for fear of poison; and when he has eaten and drunk the remnants are given to the women, that in case the poison gets him they, too, may die. Fat, timid and idle, with a strange, little brain that loves to lose itself in wild sports, Mulai Abd-el-Aziz has neither strength of will nor force of hand to rule and hold his grim

empire. The son of a Circassian slave, his whole biography is in the phrase; he sought a master in the Scot as inevitably as he found one in Ba-Ahmed. And while France and Germany, the caid and the Rogui, are casting lots for his kingdom, he scorches round his gardens on a motor-cycle, drunk with speed and shouting. Disowned by two-thirds of his realm, he is a puppet in the White Man's hand. And this is interesting; nor is the corollary meaningless.

The other day a French mission reached the camp of Mulai Abd-el-Aziz' rival in the hills. There reigned a military precision that astounded them. The wonder of the visitors died away when they confronted the Pretender's lieutenant, for this man was a deserter from a regiment of Melilla, a Parisian turned Mussulman.

And so whatever the future holds in fee for Morocco, there will be a White Man—Scot or Gaul—very close to the throne. It is well.



FRENCH OFFICERS DRILLING THE SULTAN'S ARTILLERY



Drawn by Rose Cecil O'Neill

THE VISITS OF THE SMART MR. LEWKOVITZ TO THE CHARMING WIDOW BECAME VERY FREQUENT

The Smartness of Lewkovitz

BY BRUNO LESSING

I

Moses Mandelkern was fat and lonesome. When fat men are lonesome, they always appear to be more lonesome than lean men. This, however, is but an idle remark, entirely apart from this story.

Mandelkern sat smoking outside his butcher-shop, gazing enviously across the street at two men who, side by side upon the steps of a tall tenement, sat silent and contented. Mandelkern sighed. He was a simple soul who sold only good *kosher* meat, loved all the world, and uttered what came into his mind with charming frankness.

"Whenever I see Barish and Selig," he thought, "I feel lonesome. They are such good friends. They are so devoted to each other. They are never lonesome because each always has the other. I have never had a friend like that. Every time I have a friend it costs me money."

He sighed again, and sat plunged in reminiscences that, judging from the pained

expression of his face, must have been somewhat unpleasant. Then he murmured:

"Yes. It is cheaper not to have a friend."

Had you been sitting at Mandelkern's side, you would have had no difficulty in identifying Barish and Selig. For upon one side of the door of this tall tenement was a shop bearing the legend:

ABRAHAM BARISH
Stylish Gents Tailor

While upon the other side of the door, suspended from a gaudy pole, hung this sign:

SOLOMON SELIG
*Tonsorial Artist, Shaves, Hair-cuts &
Shampoos*

And furthermore, you would have observed at a glance that Barish looked like a tailor, while Selig looked like a barber. But the strength of the bond of friendship that



Drawn by Rose Cecil O'Neill

THEN BARISH WOULD ENTER AND WOULD GAZE UPON THE BARBER'S HANDIWORK WITH ILL-CONCEALED ADMIRATION

existed between these two men was not so apparent to the eye. To have realized it you would have had to wander around the neighborhood and mention the names of Barish and Selig, and then you would have heard.

Ay, they were as Damon and Pythias, as David and Jonathan. Since they were boys together in their native Russian town, nothing had ever come between them. In school they had been chums. They had crossed the ocean on the same steamer, sleeping in the steerage in the same berth. They had selected adjoining shops in the same tenement in order that they might be together. Lewkovitz, who was such a *chochem* (clever man) that the whole Ghetto wondered why he had not become a rabbi, used to call them the Scissors.

"Selig," he would say in his droll way, "is one blade and Barish is the other. Each uses scissors in his trade. And what good

is one blade of the scissors without the other?"

When a customer entered Selig's shop for a hair-cut or a shave, Selig invariably led the conversation to the subject of clothes.

"And if it is not asking too much," he would say, "may I inquire what you paid for that suit? Ten dollars? My! My! Such swindlers as there are in the world. Why, there is a man right next door who would make you a suit twice as good as that for half the money."

And when a customer came to Barish for clothes, the tailor, in a burst of friendly humor, would remark:

"My friend, I think a hair-cut would do you no harm." (Or a shave or a shampoo—which ever happened to fit the occasion.) "And, speaking of barbers, that fellow Selig next door is making a great

reputation in this neighborhood. People come from Harlem to be shaved by him."

Whenever a patriarchal denizen of the Ghetto expressed dissatisfaction with the manner in which his beard had just been trimmed, Selig would say:

"Wait. I will call in the first man I see and leave it to him."

Then Barish would enter and would gaze upon the barber's handiwork with ill-concealed admiration.

"My!" he would exclaim. "I never saw a beard so stylishly cut in my life."

Or, should it happen that one of Barish's customers entertained doubts as to the fit of his new clothes, Barish would say:

"Let me bring in a man who lives next door—a stylish man who knows what clothes ought to be."

And Selig would come in, throw up his hands in an ecstasy of approbation and cry:

"Wonderful! Amazing! They fit as if they had been poured on your back."

When the day's work was done, Selig and Barish would sit in the twilight, outside their shops. Some nights, they sat in front of the barber-shop on one side of the door. Other nights, they sat in front of the tailor-shop on the other side of the door. Some nights, they sat upon the steps between the two shops. And Mandelkern, who bought all his clothes of Barish and was shaved every morning by Selig, would sit in front of his shop on the other side of the street, gazing upon them, with envy.

But—

She moved into the tenement at twilight. Her household goods were carried through the doorway. A sallow-faced little girl carrying a caged canary followed the household goods. And then came *She*. Selig moved to one side of the steps to make way for her. Barish moved to the other side. Both turned and looked after her until her neat little figure was swallowed in the gloom of the long hallway. Then they looked at each other, and each opened his mouth as if he were about to speak. But neither spoke. A curious constraint seemed suddenly to have fallen upon them.

"What a fine figure of a woman!" thought Mandelkern, across the street.

II

The widow Stein was a quiet little woman, friendly toward everyone and keenly susceptible to sympathy. As a matter of fact, all women are susceptible to sympathy. But that, too, is an idle remark. The widow's susceptibility to sympathy has nothing to do with this story.

Selig found her charming and Barish found her charming, and she found them both agreeable. She bought her meat of Mandelkern, who also found her charming, although he had little to say to her. He was a kind-hearted, simple, lonesome man, was Mandelkern, and he had a habit of expressing every idea that came into his head. Ideas, however, came slowly.

As a step toward a firmer friendship Barish, the tailor, said to the widow:

"If—sometimes—you have a—a—a skirt or a—a something that you want pressed—I have plenty of time and—and—it won't cost anything."

He blushed and stammered furiously as he said it, and felt raised to a high pinnacle of happiness when the widow thanked him and declared that she had a trunkful of clothes that needed pressing which she would send to him immediately. But it cost him the friendship of Selig. For the barber had overheard this brief conversation and his soul had revolted at the perfidy of his lifelong friend.

"Wretch!" he said to himself. "To take so foul an advantage of me! He only did it because he knew I could offer her nothing. What can a barber do for a lady? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! But wait! I am as good-looking as he is. Never shall I let him see her alone. Always will I be in front of the house when she is there. And time will tell which of us is the better man."

So it came about that whenever the widow Stein descended from her apartments to sit on the steps of the tenement, she found the barber and the tailor sitting there, side by side, with a wall of coolness between them. And, of course, neither of them was in a position to make much headway.

The worst of it all was that the *entente cordiale* that had existed in their business relations for so long was irretrievably shattered, in consequence of which all Hester Street was troubled, for the friendship of Selig and Barish had for many years been a source of great pride to the neighborhood.

"It is good," the neighborhood would say, "that men should make money in business and love each other."

But since the advent of the widow Stein their attitude to each other had become little short of scandalous.

"Ha!" Selig would say to his customer. "It is easy to see that you get your clothes made next door."

"What is the matter?" the customer would reply. "Do they not fit?"

And Selig would shrug his shoulders in that provoking way which is so infinitely worse than the harshest comment, and the poor customer would almost feel his clothes shrinking into some abominable fit. While, perhaps at the same moment, the tailor, next door, with his mouth full of pins, would be trying a new suit on one of his patrons and mumbling at the same time:

"Who cut your hair?"

"Selig, next door. Why?"

There would be a long pause, during which Barish would utter a choking sound.

"What is the matter with my hair-cut? Speak!"

"Do not ask me, now," the tailor would mumble. "I have my mouth full of pins and if I laugh I might choke."

At night they had little to say to each other. Perhaps each felt guilty of some disloyalty to the other. At any rate, the feeling that each entertained for the other was something like venomous hatred mixed with jealousy. But not for the world would either have let the other out of his sight when the day's work was done.

One night they were sitting like this, with the widow Stein sitting a few steps above them—not a word had been spoken for nearly an hour—when Ignatz Lewkovitz appeared, Lewkovitz the *chochem*, the smart one.

"Ah! The Scissors!" he cried, pleasantly. "The two best friends in the Ghetto."

As he spoke, however, he was not looking at them. He was gazing at the widow Stein. Both Selig and Barish greeted him with eagerness, and after formally introducing him to the widow, the tailor, with a hesitating, uneasy glance at his former friend, said:

"Your coat is ready. Will you let me try it on?"

"I came for that very purpose," said the wise man.

When they had entered the shop, Barish said:

"No, your coat will not be ready until to-morrow. But I wanted to speak to you for a moment and I did not want anyone to suspect."

"Hm!" said Lewkovitz. "Who is the lady you introduced me to?"

"*Almohne* [widow]," said the tailor. "It is about her I wanted to speak. My friend Selig—who is my friend no longer—is a sneaker. Whenever I want to speak to her alone, he comes out and sits down and never goes away. Every time I open the door in the hallway to go up and visit her, his door is open. He spies on me. If I went up, he would go too. You are a smart man. What can I do?"

"Hm!" said the smart man. "Let me think."

For five long minutes he thought. The tailor gazed nervously upon the expansive countenance of Lewkovitz, then ran to the door and made sure that the barber and the

widow were still sitting on the steps, then came back and gazed more upon the smart man, and then ran to the door again, repeating the performance twice a minute until Lewkovitz spoke.

"I do something for you," spoke the smart man, "and you do something for me. That is my motto. How much will the coat cost?"

"Five dollars is the price."

"Two dollars and a half," said the smart man.

"Impossible. The cloth alone——"

"Two dollars and a half and the widow!"

The tailor's face lit up.

"Stupid! I did not understand! How smart you are! But how? How will you do it?"

"Ah," said Lewkovitz, mysteriously, "leave it to me. Only one thing is necessary. Do not say a word to Selig. And if you see me going into the house or coming out, do not speak to me. I will report when all is ready."

"The coat will be at your house to-morrow. It will be a present. A wedding present. I give it with my compliments."

Lewkovitz bowed gravely.

"Now," said he, "it is necessary for my plans that I go and have a talk with Selig. But fear not. He will not know that I stand by you. I am only going in to get my beard trimmed."

A few moments later, the smart Lewkovitz was sitting in a chair in Selig's shop, listening to the very same story that he had heard from the tailor.

"I am so glad you came," the barber said. "I intended to go to your house some night and have a talk with you. Because I know you are smart and because you have always been a good friend of mine."

Lewkovitz nodded sympathetically.

"The widow," Selig went on, "is such a lovely lady. But that man Selig is a regular spy. Every time I want to talk to her, who comes running up? Barish! When I open my door to go up and make her a visit, who is standing at his door, watching me? Barish! When I tell her it is a fine day, who says 'But it looks like rain'? Barish! Barish! Barish! Always Barish! You are a smart man, Mr. Lewkovitz. Be my friend! What can I do?"

Lewkovitz leaned back in the comfortable chair and allowed his eyes to roam along the shelves filled with bottles.

"How much does a bottle of that and that and that and that cost?" he said, pointing successively to a number of vivid-hued tonics and perfumes. Selig had an inspiration.

"Mr. Lewkovitz," he said, "if you will be a help to me, I will give you a present of them. And also a bottle of my own stuff what makes the beard shine fine."

Lewkovitz held out his hand.

"It is a bargain," he said. "Leave all to me. I will have some talks with the widow. But do you not say a single word to Barish."

"Me!" cried Selig. "I would as soon speak to a snake."

"And if you see me coming or going, do not notice me. Look in the other direction. When everything is ready, I will come and tell you what to do."

When his beard was properly trimmed, Lewkovitz came out and made a profound bow to the widow. The barber had already taken his place beside his quondam friend.

"Good night, madam," said Lewkovitz.

"I hope you will sleep well to-night. I also hope to see you soon again."

"Such friends!" sighed Mandelkern, across the street. "Always together. Always so happy. And I am so lonesome."

And presently he added:

"That Mr. Lewkovitz is a very smart man!"

III

The visits of the smart Mr. Lewkovitz to the charming widow became very frequent. In some former existence he must have had considerable experience with women, particularly with widows, or else he possessed the most marvelous intuition. For, from the very first day that he called to see her, he sailed rapidly and uninterruptedly into her good graces. He never came without a gift of some kind for the widow's little daughter. Both Selig and Barish marveled at the wisdom of the man, wondering, each of them, why he hadn't thought of the little



Drawn by Rose Cecil O'Neill

SHE MOVED INTO THE TENEMENT AT TWILIGHT

girl before. And his resourcefulness and originality in pouring out compliments seemed unlimited. Regularly every evening he called and sat on the steps beside the widow, with the tailor and the barber sitting a few steps below, but never, by any chance, taking part in the conversation. They had full confidence in the smart man, and while they did not quite understand his method of procedure, each felt that, in some way, his own interests were being advanced. The widow had but little to say. Lewkovitz did all the talking, and, I must say, he was quite an interesting talker. One night he failed to come, and the evening seemed hollow and disappointing.

"I miss dear old Lewkovitz," said Selig.

"So do I," said Barish. "He is a dear friend to me."

"He is a very smart man," mused the widow.

The very next morning, Selig closed his shop for a few minutes and called on Lewkovitz.

"I missed you last night," he said. "How are you getting on with er—you know?"

Lewkovitz looked very knowing.

"Sh-h-h!" he said. "Wait until next Shabbas [Sabbath]. At eight o'clock sharp you come here to call on my mother. Then wait. Presently I shall come here. With me you will see a very charming friend of yours. Understand?"

He accompanied this with a very wise wink. Selig flushed to the roots of his hair with pleasure.

"How does she feel toward me?" he asked.

"Fine!" responded Lewkovitz.

"How can I ever thank you?" murmured the grateful tonsorial artist.

That evening, the widow sat upon the steps again, with her two admirers at her feet, and still no Lewkovitz appeared. Truly he was a smart man! Absence, he knew, made the heart grow fonder! Woman! woman! how mysterious you think you are! And how easily a wise man like Lewkovitz can read your soul!

Then Barish became worried and called upon Lewkovitz.

"I have not seen you for two days," he said. "Have you done anything for me yet?"

Lewkovitz looked around him carefully

to make sure that no one could overhear, and then whispered:

"Sh-h-h! Do you know my sister?"

"Sure I do. I make her husband's clothes. He owes me three dollars."

"Sh-h-h! On Shabbas. Eight o'clock. Visit my sister. Wait! I will come there! Not alone! I will have a friend with me! A lady! Charming! Fine figure!"

Barish's eyes glowed.

"And you will not say a word to Selig?"

"I can assure you," the wise man replied, "that he will not be there. I have made arrangements with him to be somewhere else."

IV

The first star was in the sky and the Sabbath had come to an end. Clad in his best clothes, Selig, the barber, issued stealthily from his shop, and, finding himself unobserved, walked hastily down the street. A few minutes later, Barish, the tailor, clad also in his *yontiv* [holiday] clothes, came out of his shop, peered anxiously around him and, finding the coast clear, walked rapidly up the street.

Presently the widow Stein, rosy and bright-eyed, came out of the tenement and seated herself upon the steps. She was somewhat surprised not to find the tailor and the barber there before her. This had not happened since she moved into the house. She glanced quickly at their shops and saw that both were closed.

"I hope nothing has happened," she murmured.

Her daughter, who had been playing in the street, came up and sat beside her.

"Can I get a new doll, mamma?" she said.

"No, my dear. Mamma cannot spare any more money for dolls. You have broken three this week. Be a good girl now. Here comes Mr. Lewkovitz."

Sure enough, here came Mr. Lewkovitz, sailing proudly down the street, like an ancient galleon with flags and bunting flying. His silk hat reflected the rays of every street-lamp that he passed. The tails of his new frock-coat that Barish, the tailor, had so generously sent with his compliments, swung gaily behind him. The ends of his necktie, a flaming red scarf, streamed under each ear. His beard, gleaming refulgently from a liberal use of the tonics that

Selig had sent him, fluttered merrily in the breeze.

"My!" exclaimed the widow; "how fine you look, Mr. Lewkovitz!"

Lewkovitz made a profound bow and seated himself beside the widow.

"I honor myself," he said, "in putting on my best clothes when I come to visit so charming a lady!"

counting and much hesitation, he selected fifty cents.

"Here, dear little one," he said. "Run and buy yourself a doll."

With a scream of delight, the girl clutched the money and ran rapidly down the street.

"And now, Mrs. Stein," Lewkovitz proceeded, "I have something I want to say to you."



Drawn by Rose Cecil O'Neill

THERE STOOD THE WIDOW AND THE BUTCHER WITH HANDS CLASPED,
LIKE CHILDREN PLAYING RING-A-ROSY

"My!" murmured the widow.

"What is the matter, dear little child?" he said to the morose-looking daughter. "Why do you look so sad?"

"She has broken her doll," the mother explained, "and I just told her she could not have another one."

Lewkovitz drew from his pocket an old-fashioned purse, from which, after long

The widow rose to her feet.

"Will you just excuse me one second?" she asked. "Mr. Mandelkern is taking down his shutters and I want to order some meat for to-morrow. I will be right back."

Lewkovitz watched her trip gracefully across the street.

"A fine figure of a woman!" he muttered.

He now saw Mandelkern pause in the

task of taking down the shutters, and turn with smiling face to greet the widow. He saw Mandelkern absent-mindedly tuck a shutter under his arm and mop his brow in great perturbation while the widow addressed him. Then he saw the butcher's lips move, and beheld the widow clasp her hands in amazement. And then the butcher entered his shop and the widow followed him. Lewkovitz waited. He waited ten minutes. Then he waited ten minutes more.

"I hope nothing has happened," he said.

Then he waited ten minutes more. He began to worry.

"I wonder——" he thought; for, you see, he was a smart man. He waited ten minutes more, and then, unable to control his impatience, he crossed the street and strode into the butcher's shop. His feet had hardly touched the threshold when he stood still, as if rooted to the spot, his brain in a whirl. For there stood the widow and the butcher with hands clasped, like children playing ring-a-rosy, gazing into each other's eyes. They looked up and saw him. The widow blushed and would have run away, but Mandelkern would not release her hands.

"It is only Mr. Lewkovitz," he said.
 "He will understand. He is a smart man. She—she—you see, Mr. Lewkovitz, she is going to be Mrs. Mandelkern. Ain't it fine?"

Lewkovitz folded his arms and gazed tragically, reproachfully at the widow. But she could not see him. She had covered her face with her hands to prevent the butcher from kissing her. So Lewkovitz sighed and walked slowly homeward.

V

There is nothing in the world like a common misfortune to cement a friendship. There are few people in the Ghetto who have not heard of Selig, the barber, and Barish, the tailor, whose friendship is like the friendship of Damon and Pythias, of David and Jonathan. Once, they will tell you, they had a misunderstanding. But it passed away, leaving them more devoted to each other than before.

In the long winter evenings, after the butcher-shop is closed, Mandelkern and his wife sit for hours talking about this wonderful friendship between two men.

"It used to make me feel so lonesome to see them," Mandelkern would invariably say.

"And that Mr. Lewkovitz is a fine man, too," Mrs. Mandelkern would unfailingly add.

"Yes," Mandelkern would admit, nodding his head. "He is very smart!"

Heroes

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

WHEN I think sometimes of what wondrous fame
 Hath fallen upon men of noisy deeds,
 Of laurel flung for every drop that bleeds
 And grateful nations busy with a name,
 I think of those who, deaf to praise or blame,
 Labor in silence for their brothers' needs,
 Sowing in darkness those immortal seeds
 To one day blossom in men's souls like flame.
 Ah, these unrecognized, unhailed, denied,
 These heroes, of what land or age they be,
 Who mutely anguish at the task undone,
 These wonderful, strong Christs, not crucified
 On a high place for all the world to see,
 But striving on unnoted and alone!



Confessions of a New York Detective

Made by an Ex-Captain of Police



V

UP ON CHARGES

ONE night my beat ran from the Bowery to Delancey, to Allen, to Broome, and thence back to the Bowery. It was a lively beat, with plenty going on, and ten o'clock—the hour I have in mind—was the liveliest hour of all.

Now, you may or may not know that a patrolman walking his beat always travels with his right shoulder to the wall, and that a roundsman making his rounds travels with his left shoulder to the wall. This order never varies, and has the police merit of bringing patrolman and roundsman face to face as they go about their duties.

On this particular night, hearing some row break out in a barroom I had passed, I wheeled to go back. This, for perhaps a distance of a hundred and sixty feet, brought me with my left shoulder to the wall—the reverse of what should have been, assuming nothing on hand at the time but the quiet walking of my beat.

It was the chance my roundsman waited for. He happened to be within touching distance, when the outbreak in the barroom called me back. I hadn't proceeded twenty feet when he shouted after me to halt.

"What's this?" he demanded, in a hard, triumphant tone. "Don't you know how to walk a beat yet?"

At this I directed his attention to the cries and the crashing of tables and chairs not one hundred feet from us.

"I was going," I said, "to see about that disturbance."

To my amazement, he declared that he heard nothing. More and worse, he insisted that all was peace and quiet, and no row going on. Even while he talked, the riot ended, and all was as still as a church.

"I hear no riot," said he; "and moreover, there isn't any and wasn't any. You'll go to Mulberry Street to-morrow, my man, to answer charges. Now, 'bout face! and walk your beat as a beat should be walked."

There was a lump in my throat, and a mad desire in my heart to rush upon that lying tyrant of a roundsman with all my ten talons and, in the parlance of the police, "neck him." But I had grown too cool and too wise for that, even with my few months of service. Without a word, I saluted and went on down my beat, leaving him leering after me, an evil smile wreathing his face.

The beat of the faithful Scotty—whose wisdom I had learned to respect, if not to follow—touched mine on the Allen Street side. Three hours later, when the roundsman was safe in the far corner of the precinct, I called to Scotty. I proposed for his consideration the twin phenomena of the sergeant's friendship and the roundsman's hate.

Scotty said the mystery was easy of solution; or that, rather, there was no mystery.

"The sergeants," explained Scotty, "like you because you make two collars for any other cop's one."

"What should that have to do with it?"

"Do with it? Why, man! you're their bread-winner. Half the blokes give bonds

—professional bondsman, to be sure, for the sergeants won't send out for any other. That's ten dollars for every bond as a fee to the professional bondsman; and the noble sergeant on the desk gets five of it every time. That's his graft—his perquisite. How many arrests did you make last month?"

"Over ninety," I replied, after overhauling my memory.

"Ninety. Well, d'ye see, full half of 'em gave bail. There's two hundred and twenty-five dollars the sergeants split up among 'em off you last month. Pretty good from one policeman, I don't think! If the other coppers in this precinct did as well, them sergeants would be livin' on Fifth Avenoo, an' comin' to duty in a brougham. No wonder they love you! Now I, myself, only turned in nine arrests. Which may or may not be the reason why I'm not a hot favorite with the sergeants. Would you believe it, they even accused me of settling cases, by my lonesome, outside the station-house!" and Scotty's mustache twitched cynically at the corners.

"Let that go for the sergeants," said I, "but it doesn't explain why the roundsman should hate me, and follow me, and try to lay me by the heels with charges."

"Let me ask you another question," returned Scotty. "Perhaps this tangle of hatred is as easy to unravel as that other tangle of friendship."

"Go on," said I.

"Have you staked the roundsman to any dough yet?"

"No."

"I thought so! That 'No!' of yours explains all."

"What are you aiming at?"

"What a come-on you'd make!" exclaimed Scotty, pausing in admiration of my innocence. "It's a wonder some one don't sell you a gold brick, odd hours, as you walk your beat! This is the proposition: I've showed you where the sergeants get their dough. Now tell me: Where does the roundsman get his?"

"I don't know."

"No, of course not! Well, he depends on us coppers, d'ye see. You saw me work the Sleeping Car for a tanner one night, when I was showing you the ropes? All right; here you are, holding down the juiciest beat in the precinct—Bowery, Delancey, Allen and Broome! Let me

put still another question: What can you work it for?—how much is it worth to you?"

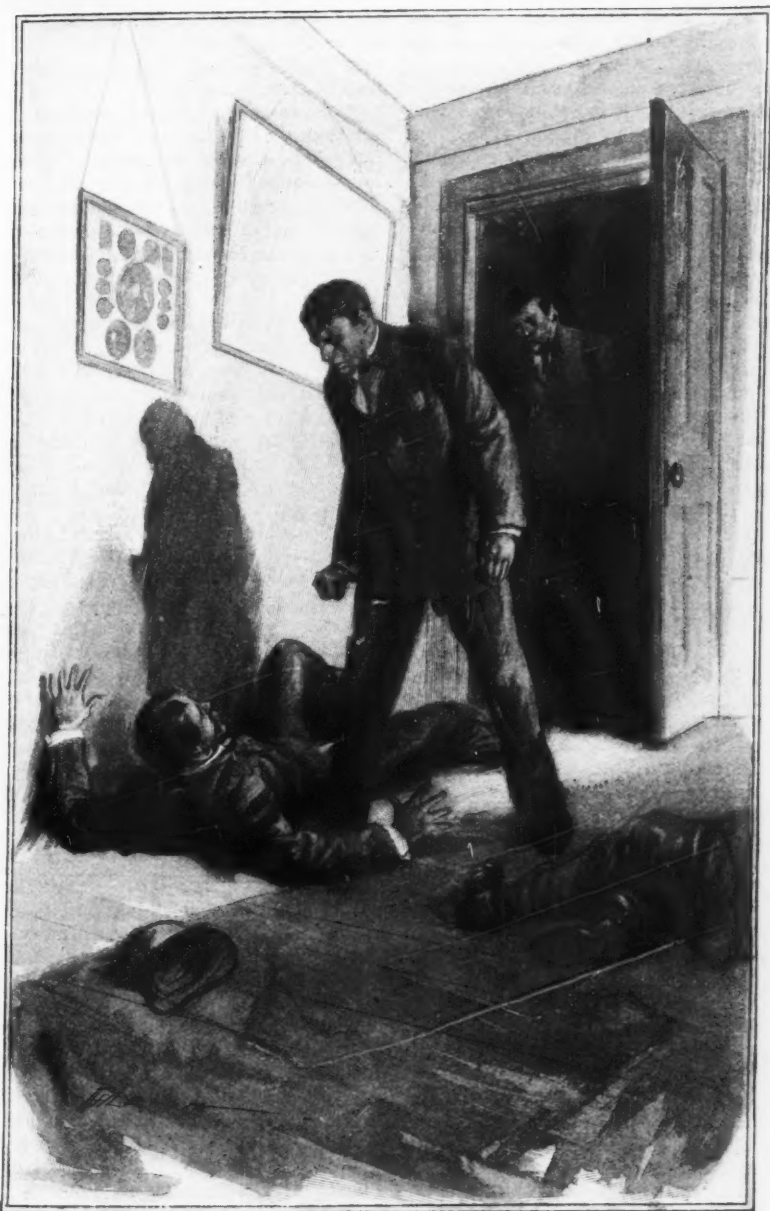
"If you mean in the Sleeping Car way, not a dollar."

"Not a dollar! And every month, mind you, you ought to be coppin' off at least two hundred plunks. That's all there is between you and the roundsman. He expects you every month to squeeze this beat for two hundred bones, and slip him twenty for his. You haven't done it; and he just about thinks you're gettin' the stuff, an' keepin' it."

"Is that it!" I cried heatedly. "If that's the reason the roundsman is making me trouble, he can keep on making it. I don't propose, in order to fatten his bank-roll twenty a month, to turn blackmailer."

"Sh-h-h-h!" and Scotty held up a discouraged finger. "Never say 'black-mailer.' It isn't professional; and it isn't necessary. All I tell you is that you and the roundsman will never be reconciled until he gets that monthly twenty. And why not?" Scotty raised his voice, as the magnitude of my imbecility seemed to strike him afresh. "Here's a gold-mine, and you won't work it! It's an outrage!—a shame! It's subversive of the very spirit of the police! The best beat in the precinct goin' to seed for want of cultivation! Man! heaven's favors are wasted on you! You might as well be walking a beat in the country with the cows; which is precisely the place and the duty—or I'm no prophet—to which the roundsman means to have you sent."

The next afternoon I was ordered to report to the senior inspector, and answer charges preferred by the roundsman. I went over to Mulberry Street wondering what, specifically, the charges would be, and resolved to ask a continuance of the hearing. I wanted to confer with Mugsey Jones, my guide, philosopher and friend. Scotty was good, but Mugsey was better; for Mugsey was not on the force, and his hands, politically, were free. I had made up my mind to meet the charges, whatever they were, and give the roundsman a fight. I would see whether or no an honest officer, who did his duty, was to be protected. On the other hand, I'd also see whether or no he was to be dragooned into becoming a blackmailer, as an only method of holding his place. Full of these high, not to say



Drawn by Henry Raleigh

HE GAVE A KIND OF DOG-YELP AND SLIPPED TO THE FLOOR

sun-kissed, resolutions, I sat down to await the coming of my roundsman accuser, and the inspector before whom I was to be arraigned.

Now occurred an incident that, for the moment, deflected if it did not arrest the present current of my affairs. The room wherein I waited was one through which prisoners, after being "booked," were taken on their way to the cells. I had hardly planted myself in a chair, before an officer in plain clothes came in. There was a frown on his brow, and he was cursing in an undertone. He paid no heed to me, but walked to a rack and took down a heavy police baton. It was a noble club; he might have felled an ox with it.

As my plain-clothes party, still frowning and cursing, possessed himself of the club, a second plain-clothes man came in, leading a prisoner. I knew the prisoner well; his name was Batty Dunn, and he had been to the Brothers' School with me. While Batty was somewhat handy as a scrapper, and apt to fight at an outing or kick up a row at a dance, there was no real harm in him. At the worst, he was no crook, but worked for his money, and took care of his mother and sister. I was about to speak to him, when, without a word of warning, my plain-clothes personage—the discontented one with the club—dealt him a blow on the head that should have cracked the skull like an egg-shell.

It was the first time I'd seen a prisoner clubbed in a station-house, and for the moment it made me sick. Only for a moment, however; the next instant I was standing over Batty, who lay senseless and bleeding on the floor. It was good that I jumped when I did; as it fell out, I caught the second blow—a crusher, too!—on my arm.

Not caring for a third, I seized that plain-clothes person's wrist in my hand, and twisted it until it snapped. Then, getting both hands to work, I grabbed him and threw him against the wall. The wall, fortunately, was brick; his head struck it with a fine, encouraging thump. At that he gave a kind of dog-yelp, a yelp that was a comfort to my soul, and slipped to the floor as limp as a wet towel.

All this furious action occupied only the splinter of a moment, and the second plain-clothes party—he who led poor Batty to the slaughter—had taken no hand,

but stood glued to the floor. The pace was too swift for him. Now he was beginning to get possession of his faculties, and his first use of them was to make a warlike rush toward me.

As he came on, I turned and squared to give him the best I owned. I'm convinced that, if he'd got within reach, he would have sworn all his life that a pony kicked him—so keyed up to a fighting ferocity was I, as the tense result of the whole brutal transaction. My plain-clothes gentleman, however, smelled his peril, and leaped backward away from the threat of my upraised fist, as nimbly as though he had been brought up in a rattlesnake country and was practiced and familiar with that form of calisthenics.

"What do you mean," he cried, with an oath, "by tryin' to kill my partner?"

"Who's your partner?" says I, although I could guess well enough. "What partner are you talking about?"

"What partner? Why, Hund, there—who else?" Here he pointed to the one whom I had slammed against the wall, and who was now sitting up, with a confused expression on his face, rubbing a most symmetrical lump that had already grown to such dimensions as to overhang the ear. "Hund," he repeated, continuing to point an enraged finger.

"Oh, Hund's his name, is it?" I returned. "Good name, too, when one remembers that 'hund' is Dutch for dog."

"And you side in against the police!" he almost yelled, the full, not to say fell, enormity of my offense beginning to take hold on his rather tardy imagination—"you, who call yourself a copper!"

"Sure! And you had better not call me anything worse than a copper, either!"

"For two cents I'd trim you!" he gritted, his hand going under his coat where his pistol might have been.

"Make it ten," I said; "there's nothing in being cheap." Here I tossed a dime toward him, which, after circling the floor, rolled to his feet. Observing him taking a grip on his weapon, I made a step toward him. "Spring that gun," I observed, plenty of menace in my tone and manner, "and I'll make you eat it, butt and barrels."

It was precisely while affairs were at this deadlock that the door of the inspector's room opened, and that high officer, accompanied by my tyrant roundsman—

he'd been giving the inspector the muster of my demerits in advance of any hearing—stepped into our midst.

With the coming of the inspector, Mr. Hund's belligerent partner, bringing his face to a composite of injury and innocence, abandoned me for him. The bleeding Batty all this while was lying where he fell, senseless, and breathing like apoplexy. Being now free from any immediate engagement, I went to a wash-stand that stood in one corner of the room, soaked a towel

"I'll get you for this, you cur!"

"Come now!" I said, sopping his head with the towel—I'd been second several times in our boxing-bouts, and was handy with a towel—"come now! Smother that!"

VI

SENT INTO EXILE

"Inspector," began my late opponent, hastily, "this man"—pointing to me—



Drawn by Henry Raleigh

IT WAS ALL TREES AND LANES AND COUNTRY ROADS OUT THERE, AND AS LONESOME AS A TOMB

under the faucet, and began to bathe the prostrate Batty's head. It was good for him that he sprang from a thick-skulled race; under my cold-water treatment he came round directly. In no time he was in better fettle by far than his assailant, the sorely battered Hund, who continued to sit by the wall, wits in a tangle, rubbing his bumps.

On coming to, the redoubtable Batty's earliest impulses were ones of vengeance. He glared over at the blurred Hund, and remarked fiercely:

"made an unprovoked assault upon my partner, Mr. Hund."

The inspector was a gray, stern, hard-faced gentleman, who didn't look as though he required advice from any quarter. He held up his hand for silence.

"That will do, Mr. Schnellkoph." My complaining plain-clothes friend's name it would seem was Schnellkoph.

Being thus addressed, Mr. Schnellkoph became mute, while the gray inspector continued to look us over. I could tell that at a glance he had taken in what had

passed. In the end he bent his cold, steady gaze on me.

"You're doing well!" he said. "Up on charges before your first uniform is old; and now I find you attacking my detectives. There, not a word!" as I started to speak. "A policeman should never fight the police—remember! There'll always be enough on the outside doing that."

"Am I then to stand by," I burst forth, "and see a brace of thugs murder a defenseless man, and do nothing because the thugs call themselves detective sergeants?"

The gray inspector shrugged his shoulders, as who should say: Was there ever before seen such an instance of fantastic sentimentality run wild? Following the expressive shrug, he became audible.

"If police duty were a steeplechase, I'd say that you were riding for a fall."

For all the sarcasm and the hard manner of criticism, it stood plain to me that in his heart the inspector found no mighty fault with me, knowing me to be new and green as a policeman, and probably more sinned against than sinning.

"Now," continued the inspector, with a sudden manner of decision, "I think I'll clear the office of all of you. Mr. Schnellkoph, you and Mr. Hund might better go about your duty." Then to me: "As for you, sir, I think your splendid energies are wasted where you are. You may prepare yourself for a transfer. Meanwhile, go back to your station-house; and incidentally help this individual"—here he indicated the wounded Batty—"to the nearest drug-store, and get him what court-plaster he needs. I shall erase the complaint of 'Disturbance' that has been made against him; he's been punished enough. Yes," he continued, speaking to my roundsman, who had plucked him confidentially by the elbow, "that is all I shall do. As for your charges against him"—nodding toward me—"withdraw them. Doubtless he'd have a tale to tell as well as yourself; it's my experience that there's always two ends to an alley. At the worst, his crimes are not great, and a trip to the country will be a sufficient reproof, without giving him a record for misconduct."

The roundsman went his way without bestowing upon me a look, while I, after saluting that gray Solomon of the police, the inspector, made ready to convoy Batty to the drug-store.

"What were you arrested for?" I asked, supporting him by the arm, for his knees were shaky. "Why were you run in?"

"For nothin'!" he responded indignantly. "I was just takin' a punch at a Dago, who'd been slangin' me, when along comes them Central Office bulls an' gives me the collar. As for that hobo Hund, I slugged him last summer, the time of the McBulto Association's outing, an' he's had it in for me ever since. That's why he nailed me with the club. But it's all right; I'll be square with him—put a bet on that! And as for this finish: why, I'd sooner go to the drug-shop than to Essex Market Court to-morrow. Say! that inspector bloke ain't so bad!"

The transfer promised by the inspector was not slow in coming, and within the week I was ordered for duty to the uttermost northern outskirts of the town.

"Goin' botanizing, I hear," remarked the satirical Scotty, with a grin.

"Yes," I replied, "I'm goin' botanizing. Better botany than blackmail."

"Well," returned Scotty, "everybody to his taste. As for me, I never was stuck on plants."

It was all trees and lanes and country roads out there, and as lonesome as a tomb. I've heard enthusiasts talk of the beauties of nature, but for my part they can have mine. I'm different; I wouldn't give the asphalt pavements, with their double ranks of solid bricks, for all the grass and trees that ever grew. I like noise and rush, the roar of the Elevated roads, the music floating out of the front doors of barrooms, the crowds jostling along the pavements; and there are no solitudes, no bird-songs, no lowing of grass-breathed kine, that can take their places. There were times out there when I'd given a ten-dollar bill merely to hear the clang of an ambulance; and as for the fire-engines, why, just the banging of one of their gongs would have sounded in my starved ears like the "Chimes of Normandy."

To show you how I felt: There was a road running along one edge of my beat that led to the graveyard. And I'd get so dreary and blue that, to cheer me up, I used to haunt it, and lay for funerals. The way I felt I'd have made company of a corpse; besides, now and then the driver of the hearse, or one of the carriages, would know me, and give me a toss of



Drawn by Henry Raleigh

ONE I KNEW TO BE A TOUGH BOWERY ROUNDER; THE OTHER, A GRIZZLED, UNKEMPT INDIVIDUAL, WAS NEW TO ME

the hand in recognition. I'd live on that for a day. Oh, I can tell you those eighteen months of exile were something fierce! During the entire year and one-half, I only made five collars—kids for stealing apples, they were. I got so I knew enough about cows to run a dairy; while there were woodpeckers and thrushes and robin-redbreasts with whom I became so well acquainted that we used to call each other by the first name. As I tell you, it was something fierce!

At the end of eighteen months, my superiors had either forgotten that I was honest, or ceased to care, and I was brought back downtown again. It was Mugsey Jones who told me the welcome news; he came over to my house one night, as I returned from duty.

"At last I've made it," said Mugsey, who had been trying for the whole year and a half to "square" me with headquarters, but failed; "you'll be transferred somewhere downtown. It'll cost you fifty bones, though."

"Now why should it cost fifty dollars?" I angrily demanded, for I was getting ugly under my long ill treatment.

"You know well enough where it goes,"

retorted the disgusted Mugsey. "Say! you're more trouble to me than all my money. It would have been easier for me if, instead of steerin' you onto the force that time, I'd filed an application with some orphan asylum and taken a kid to raise. Why should it cost fifty plunks? Because the secretary of the commish will stall against it, and keep the transfer from bein' ordered, unless he gets it. However, if you're eager to stay where you are, don't pay it."

That settled the controversy; I paid the fifty dollars. In another week I was back on the dear old Bowery, with all its familiar smells and sights and sounds.

"You're back, I see," cried Scotty, giving me a hand-grip of welcome.

"And glad to get back, too!" I said.

"I'll tell you what you ought to do."

"What's that?"

"Write a book of your travels, same as Stanley an' them other ducks."

Mugsey was afraid I'd get into new trouble of the old sort, and, to fend against it, exerted his powers as a politician, and had me detailed for duty as a plain-clothes man. You understand what that means: While holding a patrolman's rank

and drawing his pay, I was ordered for duty as a detective. I was as pleased as Punch with my new assignment, for ever since I came onto the force it had been my dream to lay off blue, throw away my club, and become a sleuth.

It should be observed that I possessed no little natural aptitude for detective work. I was alert, nervous, sharp to notice, fertile, and gifted of the same instinct for criminals that a pointer is for quail. Plant a crook within twenty feet of me, and I'd begin to grow uneasy.

Some suggestion of this native genius, that belonged with me as a taker-in of criminals, found display in my very first case. It was a case, by the way, that made my fortune with my skipper; and after that there was no danger of my being reordered into a uniform, and sent back to a beat. The story was this:

An aged Jew was found dead in the hallway of his little tumbledown house in Pitt Street, where he had lived alone. He was seen alive the night before, and was found dead by the milkman at six o'clock Saturday morning. He was fully dressed, and had flung his "prayer-shawl" about his neck. His death was the result of blows dealt him about the head with some dull, heavy instrument. I was told by the skipper to go to work on the case.

My theory, formed in an instant, ran as follows: Here was one of your strict, orthodox Hebrews. Being such, every Saturday he hired some one to come and light his fire. Living alone, he had gone to the door that Saturday morning to let in the fire-lighter; and the latter murdered him, beating him over the head with the stove-lifter which all members of his guild carry ever in their pockets. The loose screw was the motive; since the dead man wasn't robbed, and nothing in the house had been touched. Still, I clung to my theory; the more tenaciously since, motive or no motive, there was that instinct within that told me I was right.

The old Jew was found dead at six o'clock; I was sent out on the case at eight. My first work, of course, was to take a look at the scene of the murder. There was nothing to be found or discovered there that could be tortured into a clue.

Coming away, I had gone a block down

Pitt Street when I passed two men. One I knew to be a tough Bowery rounder; the other, a grizzled, unkempt individual, was new to me. As the pair passed me, by some impression, received I know not how, I instantly associated the grizzled, unkempt one with the taking off of the old Jew. I noticed as he passed that his long tangle of a beard was singed, as might easily be the condition of a fire-lighter's beard; also, there were the gray dust of ashes on his coat, and splotches and smears of soot on his fingers. It may have been these signs, and doubtless was in part; but, beyond them, and more than them, it was instinct.

On the impulse, I spun round on my heel like a top, and the next moment I had my hand on the unkempt, grizzled one's shoulder. I won't expand on the affair, for there was nothing occult or thrilling about it. Suffice it that I'd nipped my man. He was a fire-lighter, as I had surmised. He turned out to be a half-crazy creature; and when asked why he murdered the old Jew, said that it was because the murdered one owed him a nickel and wouldn't pay. Asked why he didn't rob the house, he threw up his hands in Christian horror at the idea. He would do nothing so sinful.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good; and, as I've explained, it was the murder of the old Jew, and my picking up the murderer almost within the hour, that established me in the admiring graces of the captain, beyond any power of either sergeant or roundsman to disturb.

Three months had gone by with me as a plain-clothes man, when one day the indefatigable Mugsey drew me into a corner.

"File an application, and take your examination as a detective sergeant," he said.

"A detective sergeant?" I repeated.

"That's what I said," returned Mugsey shortly. "We'll about skip the roundsman rung of the police ladder."

Mugsey then told me, in deepest secrecy, that the commissioner had been privily ordered by Tammany Hall to make fifty additional detective sergeants.

"This time, however," said Mugsey, "we'll have to cough up three thousand dollars. That's the price the places have been fixed at."

(To be continued)

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